



## THE FOUR AGES OF THOUGHT.

What is Thought?

In childhood—an imperfect gleam,  
A summer bower, a moonlight dream,  
Glimpses of some far-shining stream,  
A rosy wreath, the blessed beam  
That dwells in mothers' eyes.

In youth—an urn brimm'd with delight,  
Sweet thronging fantasies of light,  
Meek eyes with love's own radiance bright,  
Soft music on a summer night,  
Hope budding into joy.

In manhood—a benighted shore  
With wrecks of bliss all scatter'd o'er,  
Dark swelling doubts, fears scorn'd before,  
A spirit wither'd at the core—  
A sea of storm and strife.

In age—a calm undazzled eye,  
Living in worlds of memory;  
Low breathed thanks for love on high,  
A patient longing for the sigh  
That waits it into rest.

## MARCH WINDS.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND.

Thy rushing winds, wild March, I hear,  
In their aerial strife,  
With wintry storms still hovering near,  
Like demons o'er the infant year,  
To mar its budding life.

Sweep on, blithe winds, through wood and vale,  
And lift your choral voice,  
Ye scatter back the pelting hail,  
O'er biting frost and snow prevail,  
We hear you and rejoice.

March winds, ye raise a mighty shout,  
Like victor warriors now;  
The glorious sun, that long in doubt  
Had veil'd his beams, through clouds looks out,  
And shows his kingly brow.

Ye've swept the rebel hosts away,  
Their stormy banners rent,  
That still press'd on in black array—  
Ay, battling through the changeable day,  
In Spring's blue firmament.

Pale, pining sickness quits the hearth,  
For health is on your wings;  
A green shade steals upon the earth,  
The golden crocus wakes to birth,  
The early violet springs.

The bow of hope is in the sky,  
It gleams through fitful showers,  
And thousand birds, unseen but nigh,  
Pour forth a mingling melody,  
Amidst the leafless bowers.

Those lifeless branches, bare and grey,  
Have felt the quickening call,  
And soon shall verdant wreaths display,  
To deck the blooming brow of May,  
And June's bright coronal.

Victorious winds, your task is done,  
Stern Winter's zone is riven,  
The genial season is begun,  
In jovous glimpses shines the sun,  
The gay lark chants in heaven.

Go, winds, in ocean's coral caves  
Your own wild requiems sing,  
Or murmur to the dashing waves  
Where the grey swan her plumage laves,  
Blithe March is on the wing.

Begone ere April's tears expand  
The young buds on the spray;  
The time of blossoms is at hand,  
And calls for days serene and bland,  
Rude winds, away, away!

## THE LATE PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

PART. III.

### THE SPANISH PRINCES.

The little manuscript which my friend placed in my hand, had been found in the chateau after the departure of the young princes of Spain from Valencay. It was written in a fair hand, and bore the following title:

"The Secret History of the Intrigues, which ended in the Capture and Imprisonment of Ferdinand VII. and his Brothers at Valencay."

The cashier was found in the library, and as there was but one person of the

whole suite who ever went there, it is well known by whom it was written, a gentleman of truth and honour, at the very moment I am now writing this, holding a high situation about the person of the Queen of Spain, Isabella. The manuscript began as follows:

"In the month of March, 1807, the Prince of Asturias, who was in active and secret correspondence with Don Juan d'Escoiquiz, Archdeacon and Canon of Toledo, his former preceptor, sent to him at Toledo, where he then resided, a person in his confidence named Jose Marrique. The prince forwarded by this person a letter to be delivered into M. d'Escoiquiz's own hands, wherein he spoke of his suspicions concerning the ambitious views of the Prince of the Peace, who, in consequence of obtaining daily, either from the king or queen, some new dignity or favour, became more and more powerful, particularly in possessing as he did the command of the army, the navy, and the militia. Already the rumour had arisen that Charles IV., whose health was declining fast, had appointed him Regent of the Kingdom. Once regent, the death of the king would open a new career to his ambition. The character of the Prince of the Peace, and his proximity to the throne, tended to excite alarm in the friends of the royal family.

"M. d'Escoiquiz, in dismay at the contents of the prince's letter, flattered himself that it would be easy to undeceive the king and queen, with regard to the real character of the Prince of the Peace. He immediately penned a letter, which was to be delivered by the Prince of Asturias into the hands of the queen, in which he displayed, with great eloquence, all the danger in which the royal family stood, by the blind confidence the king reposed in the Prince of the Peace. This letter, full of reason and of truth, so much alarmed the Prince of Asturias, that he could never find courage to present it to his mother, and he merely copied it in his own hand. Somewhat ashamed of his own want of resolution, he wrote to M. d'Escoiquiz, that he judged it impossible ever to enlighten the queen, and that he thought it would be easier to persuade the king to reason, if he could get an opportunity of speaking with him *tete-a-tete*.

"The worthy Canon of Toledo immediately set about inditing another letter, which he endeavoured to adapt to the weak understanding of the king, and sent it to the prince, who waited in vain for an opportunity of remitting it in private to his father. This document was copied, like the former one, by the prince himself, and, likewise locked up in his desk, where they were both found on the seizure of his papers some time after.

"The Prince of the Peace, who suspected the reserved and taciturn habits of the Prince of Asturias, served to conceal hostile intentions to himself, sought every means of undermining the fidelity of the young prince's household, and made a proposition through the queen to marry him to Donna Maria Theresa, his sister-in-law, second daughter of the Infant Don Luiz. This princess was remarkable for her great beauty and ambition, and had already exhibited an inclination for gallantry. The prince, who knew but little of her, beyond her personal attractions, had already given his consent to this union, when suddenly the ambition of the Prince of the Peace had become more insatiable than ever, and the marriage was broken off.

"M. d'Escoiquiz, on perceiving that every means of gaining access to the king and queen had failed, and that the marriage with Donna Maria had failed also, began to imagine that the only hope of support for the Prince of Asturias, would lay in his marriage with a princess of the family of Bonaparte. M. d'Escoiquiz grew, in fact, quite enraptured with the scheme, which he himself had planned, and wishing to preside over its execution, he left his quiet retreat at Toledo, and came to reside at Madrid. There he became acquainted with Count Orquez, a gentleman much attached to the Prince of Asturias, and communicated to him his alarms and his future plans. In one of their secret conversations, M. d'Orquez informed him that Don Diego Godoi, the father of the Prince of the Peace, was distributing money among the garrison of Madrid, and had thus corrupted a great number of the officers. A colonel of dragoons, Don Joaquin Jauregui, gave them intelligence of all that transpired, and informed them that to every officer of distinction, Godoi had said, 'You see the miserable state into which the kingdom has fallen—the Bourbon dynasty is degenerated—the king cannot live much longer—the prince is a weak, capricious fool. Some change is necessary—we reckon on your aid.'

"Throughout the whole of Madrid, the secret agents of Godoi were at work night and day. The Abbe Stata, librarian of St. Isidore, had been imprudent enough to spread inflammatory writings, of which the object was to prove to the Spanish nation, that in the existing crisis, the only hope of salvation lay in an entire confidence in the judgment and experience of the Prince of the Peace.

"In this state of affairs, M. d'Escoiquiz was aware that not a moment was to be lost, and that all true friends of the throne must at once league together for its defence. His first step was to obtain from the Prince of Asturias a kind of letter of credit, which authorized him to speak confidentially with the Duke del Infantado, a young man of exalted birth, of great integrity, and chivalrous courage, holding a high place in public esteem. Armed with this letter, written in the prince's own hand, he appointed a meeting with the duke, and together they swore fidelity to the throne, vowing respect even to the absurd blindness of the king, and merely concerning the measures to be taken in the house, when the king, whose health was declining daily, should breathe his last; at which moment it would be the easiest thing in the world for the Prince of the Peace to conceal the death of the sovereign as long as it should please him so to do. The hatred and suspicion which he had so craftily engendered in the bosom of the queen against her son, had compelled her to fill the palace with troops, all devoted to herself and to Godoi. It was his design when by the rules of etiquette established at the Spanish court, the exact moment arrived for the heir to the throne to appear at the bedside of the dying king, to have the young prince arrested, and to make him sign by force the necessary decree which should place the whole power in the hands of the favourite. The

Duke del' Infantado and M. d'Escoiquiz judged then, that the only means to guard against this outrage, would be to provide themselves with a decree signed and sealed by the new king, by which the whole power, civil and military, would be placed in the hands of the Duke del' Infantado, placing also beneath his command the Prince of the Peace himself.

"Empowered by this decree, the Duke del' Infantado, on the first signification of the approaching death of the king, was to declare his power, take possession of all the military forces, and to appear in the city and in the royal palaces, habited in the costume of Generalissimo of the Kingdom, with full intentions to arrest immediately the Prince of the Peace, if the conduct of the latter gave any cause for umbrage. M. d'Escoiquiz drew up this decree, and had it conveyed to the prince, with the necessary instructions, begging him to copy it with his own hand, and to fix his own seal upon the paper. The prince complied with the whole of those directions, and the letter was placed at once in the hands of the Duke del' Infantado, who was to preserve it carefully until the moment arrived when it would be required. The act was complete, signed according to Spanish usage, '*Yo el Re.*' and a vacant space left for the date, which was to be filled up by the Duke del' Infantado at the moment of the king's death.

"About the middle of the month of June, M. d'Escoiquiz received another letter from the Prince of Asturias; in it was announced, that through the intermission of Don Juan Manuel de Villena, his first equerry, he had received an important billet, signed by Don Pedro Giraldo, tutor to the Infant Don Francisco, and that this billet was written by an individual belonging to the French Legation. It contained the announcement of a most important secret communication, which it was the wish of the French ambassador, M. de Beauharnais, to make to the prince. M. d'Escoiquiz, whom the latter had consulted with regard to the line of conduct which he ought to adopt, was of opinion that the prince's reply should be peremptory—that 'he meddled not with public affairs, nor gave rendezvous with public men.' Meanwhile he undertook to discover if the message really came from the French ambassador, or was merely a trap laid by Godoi to condemn the young prince. This tried and valued friend, never at a loss, had soon invented a pretext to present himself before the ambassador, to whom he was unknown. He requested permission to present to M. l'Ambassadeur the first volume of an epic poem, to be entitled '*The Conquest of Mexico.*'

"The ambassador, without appearing surprised at the sudden literary reputation usurped by M. d'Escoiquiz, answered with courtesy that he would receive with pleasure the book and its author. After a few observations relating to '*The Conquest of Mexico,*' some few remarks on the state of affairs, bringing each of them nearer to the object they both had in view, M. d'Escoiquiz frankly questioned the ambassador on the subject of the billet which had been delivered to the Prince of Asturias, and begged him, as a point of honour, to tell him the truth concerning it.

"The ambassador feigned certain embarrassment, denied being the author of the billet, yet wished it to be understood that in reality he was; said that a message from an ambassador to the heir-apparent would scarcely have been admissible, but declared he felt much esteem for his royal highness, and that he would be greatly pleased by the permission to pay his court, *en particulier*, to the young prince. By all this specious reasoning M. d'Escoiquiz judged of the truth, and at once told him, without further disguise, that the prince firmly believed that the message came from him.

"Then why have you not brought me a written message in return?" said M. de Beauharnais, involuntarily betraying himself: whereupon M. d'Escoiquiz returned in laughing answer, '*That written message could be denied, therefore a preconcerted signal would, in his opinion, be more efficacious;*' and before the conclusion of the interview it was agreed that, as the court was in a few days to return to Madrid, the ambassador would present himself, as usual, at the head of the *corps diplomatique* at the reception of his royal highness, and that the prince would ask him '*if he had ever been at Naples?*' and that on turning as he would leave him, to pass to another ambassador, he would take his handkerchief from his pocket and wave it as he passed.

"On the 1st of July the ambassadors were received by his royal highness, who supported M. d'Escoiquiz by giving the preconcerted signal. Two days after this M. d'Escoiquiz had another interview with M. de Beauharnais, who bade him rely on the sentiments of affection which Napoleon had ever felt towards the Prince of Asturias, and his readiness to maintain his cause against the Prince of the Peace. It was then that M. d'Escoiquiz thought it proper to bring forward the question concerning the marriage, and even went so far as to leave to Napoleon the choice of the princess of his own family whom he would prefer to place upon the throne of Spain. The utmost secrecy was sworn to on both sides, M. de Beauharnais promising to write immediately to Paris, in order that proper measures might be taken with regard to the king, so as to prevent any imputation of intrigue being laid to the charge of his son.

"In consequence of the surveillance which was exercised by Godoi over every movement of the French ambassador, it was agreed that M. de Beauharnais and M. d'Escoiquiz were to meet for the first interview in a secluded spot of the gardens of the Retiro. It was about twenty days afterwards that M. d'Escoiquiz received an intimation that he would be expected during the hours of siesta, when they would have little fear of surprise, at the place which had been appointed. Here M. d'Escoiquiz learnt with the greatest astonishment that the answer which the ambassador had received from Napoleon was perfectly puerile and insignificant, never even alluding to the marriage; and M. de Beauharnais, attributing this silence to the absence of any written communication on the part of the young prince, advised M. d'Escoiquiz to persuade him to write directly to Napoleon. (Was this a snare?)

"It is certain that M. de Beauharnais must have received some positive instructions which he did not choose to reveal until the prince had further committed himself, and he suffered M. d'Escoiquiz to return to Toledo in disgust.

"I was on the 30th September, 1807, that M. d'Escoiquiz received a letter from the ambassador, in which was quoted, as an extract from a private communication of Napoleon's the following words, each underlined: '*I beg not, neither do I sell—I act not without security. Have you received any official communication touching this affair?*' The forms of political quackery employed in this letter induced M. d'Escoiquiz once more to return to Madrid; again did he meet the ambassador at the Retiro; again did M. de Beauharnais endeavour to persuade M. d'Escoiquiz to prevail upon the prince to write directly to Napoleon; and the good canon, having the welfare of the prince at heart, yielded at last, and promised such a letter should be written.

"Now the Prince of the Peace was all this time perfectly aware of every thing that was passing in the house of the ambassador, through the medium of the spies with which the latter was surrounded, and he caused the king immediately to write himself to Napoleon, which epistle was instantly despatched to the Spanish ambassador in Paris, the Prince de Masserana, with orders to

convey it, the very moment of its arrival, to the emperor, in whatever place he might chance to be. It was natural enough that, with the dilatory character of the Prince of Asturias, his father's letter should arrive long before his own. It reached the emperor at Fontainebleau, and excited much astonishment and indignation. It was full of bitter reproach against Napoleon for having encouraged a secret correspondence with the young heir to the Spanish throne, telling him beforehand of the despatch he was about to receive from the prince, and of all that the letter would contain!

"That letter was full of protestations of devotion to Napoleon, and of admiration of his brilliant qualities, of the before-mentioned proposal of marriage and of supplications to the emperor to aid in rescuing the country from the hands of the Prince of the Peace.

"It was upon the strength of this letter that the Prince of the Peace, gained over by Napoleon, persuaded the old king to allow of the entry of French troops, ostensibly to compel Portugal to separate her cause from that of England—it being understood that it was merely as a passage to that country that these troops were allowed to cross the line.

"On the 27th of October, at ten o'clock at night, the Prince of Asturias was arrested in the Palace of the Escorial, under the accusation of having conspired to rob his father of the throne, and of having sought to assassinate him. The act of arrestation went on to say that these particulars had come to the knowledge of the king through an unknown channel, and that he would be tried for the crime of high treason. M. d'Escoiquiz and the Duke del' Infantado, were arraigned as accomplices. They were confined in the dungeons of the Escorial, deprived of all communication with each other, or with the world without, and two sentinels were stationed at the door of each cell.

"During the process of the prince, the number of French troops had increased to more than double. It was observed that they had taken up positions entirely contrary to the direction they had professed to follow, and that they were each day drawing nearer to Madrid, and the people, in every country more clear-sighted than its rulers, began to feel alarm at the intrusion. It was necessary to give some diplomatic explanations concerning these singular marches, but these were so ill received, that the Prince of the Peace was compelled to order back the Spanish regiments already on their road to Portugal. The ambassador feigned total ignorance, and after a few days interval received instructions to say that, by commanding the retrograde movement, the Prince of the Peace must be prepared to allow of an increase of French forces. In the fear of a counter order these latter troops, by forced marches, soon took possession of the whole frontier of Catalonia, Navarre, and Guipuscoa. The court wishing to appear free from anxiety, negotiations went on as usual between the two governments. Meanwhile the country was invaded, and the Prince of the Peace began to lose somewhat of his overweening confidence in the disinterested friendship of Napoleon, but like all weak-minded persons, thought that every thing would be saved by gaining time. He accordingly proposed a journey into Andalusia on the 13th of March, and that very same night he gave orders for departure; but it was impossible to keep the preparations so secret as to escape the observation of some of the hangers-on who always throng about royal palaces. The orders all along the road for relays of horses, the departure of the luggage, the sudden disappearance of Madame Yudo with her children, all these circumstances united, had produced an uneasiness among the people, and roused the feeling of hatred and indignation towards the Prince of the Peace, which had slumbered, but had never been extinguished, and it was declared that he was counselling the king to desert Madrid.

"In these popular movements, it needs but a spark to light the brand, and in less time than could be conceived possible, a crowd had assembled before Godoi's residence, with loud and furious cries, demanding justice on the oppressor of the people. Godoi escaped, thanks to his foresight in preparing for a day of reckoning. He had planned and accomplished a secret retreat beneath the roof of his palace, where he remained concealed while the work of pillage and devastation was going on around him. It was not till the 16th, that he was discovered by a sentinel, who could not be bribed to facilitate his flight. He was secured and conveyed through the streets in a piteous plight.

"The king, justly deeming that the Prince of Asturias would have greater influence with the crowd than himself, was reduced to implore his son to intercede in favour of the unfortunate minister. This the prince, with true Christian feeling, in spite of all cause of grievance which he himself had to complain of, immediately consented to do; and suddenly appearing on the balcony of the palace, promised the assembled multitude that if they would disperse, the Prince of the Peace should be tried and judged according to the law. This address had the desired effect; the crowd retired, and Godoi was taken prisoner to the barracks of the *gardes du corps*, where, by one of those strange coincidences by which it would appear as if Providence sought to remind ambitious men of the debt they have incurred, he was locked up in the very chamber which he had occupied when a simple private soldier in that identical corps.

"It was after this event that the Prince of Asturias was received to favour, and with him the friends who had been so devoted to his cause. M. d'Escoiquiz was appointed to superintend all the negotiations with the French ambassador, as it was thought in counsel that M. de Beauharnais, after what had taken place, would find himself more at ease with M. d'Escoiquiz than with any other of its members."

It was immediately after these events that Charles IV., by his own spontaneous act, abdicated the throne in favour of his son, who took his father's place as Ferdinand VII. All the circumstances which followed, are fully detailed in the work of M. de Pradt, and need not be repeated here. The details of the manuscript tally in every respect with those given by that author, and I shall therefore content myself with giving to the reader the gossiping portion of the narrative; the hitherto unpublished history of one of the most striking and audacious *coups-de-main* of modern history.

"From this hour was it evidently planned and meditated, and one scarcely knows which to admire most, the fond and simple security of the Spaniards, or the boldness and contempt of all social respect which characterized the proceedings of the French. The ambassador announced at length the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon at Bordeaux, and was pleased to renew the protestations of friendship on the part of his master, with which he had already beguiled the faith and credulity of the poor young Prince of Asturias. It was not, however, until the 8th of April that King Ferdinand decided on despatching his young brother, Don Carlos, to meet the emperor, with instructions to proceed even to Paris, should he fail in encountering him on the road. Don Carlos was the bearer of a letter from Ferdinand to Napoleon, in which, after speaking of the strict alliance which it was the interest of both countries to maintain, and having again urged the subject of his marriage with one of the emperor's nieces, he announced his intention of going forward to meet his imperial majesty, as soon as he should have approached the frontiers of Spain. Don Carlos took his departure on the 9th of April. The news of the de-



capture of the emperor from Paris reached Madrid on the 11th. Ferdinand, meanwhile, worn out with the persecutions of the Grand Duke de Berg and General Savary, quitted Madrid for Burgos on the 14th. His council advised him to this measure; perceiving that he had not the means either of attack or defence, it was thought to be the wisest plan to throw himself into the arms of Napoleon.

"It was now observed that not one single negotiation had taken place with the new king, and that he had not been formally acknowledged by Napoleon, who had never taken the trouble to answer any of his letters, and now, too late, it was beginning to be feared that the frequent conferences which had taken place between Charles IV., the queen, and the Grand Duke de Berg, through the medium of the Queen of Etruria, had for their only aim the intention of replacing Charles upon the throne, by causing him to protest against the act of abdication. This secret intrigue, of which M. de Monthion, adjutant-general, had been the messenger, and the Queen of Etruria the instrument, produced the act of the 21st of April, in which Charles IV. speaks thus:

"I protest and declare that my decree of the 19th of March, by which I abdicated the throne in favour of my son, was extorted from me by force, and the desire of preventing great disorder in my kingdom, and the effusion of the blood of my well beloved people, and ought therefore to be regarded as an act null and void.

YO EL REY."

"The natural consequence of this protestation was of course the application to Napoleon for help against his son, thus pronounced rebel and usurper. Ferdinand had authorized to take charge of the government during his absence, a junta, presided over by his uncle Don Antonio. He had with him one single squadron of the *gardes du corps*, and two companies of foot had orders to await him at Burgos. He was three days upon the road, and found every post occupied by French troops, among which he could not discern a single Spanish soldier. At Burgos, he found Marshal Bessières in command of 10,000 men. The marshal courteously offered the use of the relays which had been provided for Napoleon, for the conveyance of Ferdinand to Vittoria, which offer was accepted. Here the unfortunate prince found a corps composed of two hundred dragoons, and a *compagnie d'élite* of fifty gendarmes, commanded by Colonel Fleury.

"The prince remained three days at Vittoria, and lodged at the Hotel de Ville. Savary grew impatient at this long delay; his orders were to bring the prince on to Bayonne, *volens volens*. Every measure had been taken to carry him off on the 19th, if he had not listened to the last endeavour at persuasion on the 18th. But the king removed every difficulty by announcing his intention of once more setting forward on his journey. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 19th, at the moment of his getting into the carriage, a popular instinct had drawn together a vast concourse of people at the door of the Hotel de Ville; a universal cry of execration arose from the multitude as the young prince mounted the vehicle, the traces were cut, and the mules unharnessed. Ferdinand was compelled to harangue the populace, and succeeded in quieting them by assurances of his perfect safety; the furious cries which had been heard, gave place to tears, and soon afterwards he was allowed to depart; but in consequence of the delay, did not arrive at Irun until eleven o'clock at night.

"Here the king and his brother were lodged at the house of M. d'Alozabal outside the town, and they were guarded by a Spanish regiment. General Savary did not arrive at Irun until the 20th, at seven in the morning, owing to an accident which occurred to his carriage. Thus the king and his council were left for eight hours alone, without their French escort, guarded by Spanish troops, in the house of a Spaniard, situated on the sea-shore, where a number of boats were lying attached to stakes planted at the bottom of the garden. General Savary, immediately on his arrival, rushed like a terrified culprit to the house where the king had alighted. Oh, joy!—he found him still sleeping quietly in his bed.

"At eight o'clock, the *cortège* set out for Bayonne, and in that place was accomplished one of the most extraordinary events which perhaps has ever taken place in the history of nations. At the moment when the king passed over the frontier, the carriage was surrounded by detachments of the imperial guard. Their numbers appeared rather extraordinary for a mere guard of honour. This reflection, vague enough on its first adoption, changed to a sinister foreboding when, on passing beneath the triumphal arch which had been thrown across the road, they beheld the following words inscribed amidst the boughs of laurel with which it was decorated. 'He who can make and destroy Kings at pleasure, is himself more than a King.'

"Now were the princes of Spain beyond the jurisdiction of their own country, and in the power of Napoleon! Between Vivau and Bayonne, Ferdinand found the Infant Don Paulos, who with three Spanish noblemen had come to greet his unhappy brother. The king requested them to join him in his carriage, and then he learned with the greatest surprise that Napoleon himself had declared to them on the day before, at *ten in the morning*, that they might never expect to return to Madrid, and that one of his own brothers was about to occupy the throne of Spain. I have marked the hour at which this declaration had taken place, because it must have taken eighteen hours to get the news conveyed to Irun, and at Irun, as we have seen, there had been ample time and opportunity for the escape of the princes.

"Nothing was left but resignation to their fate; the carriage was drawing near to Bayonne, and at half past twelve o'clock, the princes arrived in the good old city, and a few moments afterwards, the king received the visit of Napoleon in person. In this interview, doubtless by design, the conversation was insignificant, excepting that it was observed that in the style of Napoleon's address to the king, there existed an affectation of addressing him in the third person, using the pronoun *elle*, which might be applicable in the French language either to majesty or royalty.

"Ferdinand hastened to pay his respects to Napoleon, in grateful homage for this first visit, and the emperor invited him to dine at the Chateau de Marroc. The Dukes de San Carlos, de Medina Cœli, and del Infantado, were also invited. The Prince de Neufchâtel was the only Frenchman present at this dinner.

"On the next day Napoleon granted a private audience to M. d'Escoiquiz, and bade him comprehend that he was determined to alter the dynasty which had sat upon the throne of Spain; forgetting that he had a thousand times declared that his own existence was incompatible with the fact of any sovereign of the house of Bourbon being allowed to remain on any of the thrones of Europe. He gave as excuse for his proceedings the proclamation of the Spanish government at the period of the battle of Jena, which proclamation he said had been regarded in France as a measure of war. He then added, in a loud, fierce voice, that it would be useless to seek to alter his determination, for that nothing on earth could make him change. He paused after the utterance of these terrible words, and then spoke in a softened voice, of the misfortunes into which the young princes had fallen, and regretted for their sakes that he was com-

pelled to take such harsh measures, wishing them to be assured that nothing but the necessity of perfecting his system could have induced him to behave thus hardly towards them. He even went so far as to offer to the young king, upon condition that he would renounce all pretensions to the Crown of Spain, the kingdom of Etruria, with one year's revenue, to be spent in forming a household, one of his nieces in marriage, and in case he himself died without heirs, a right to share his property with his younger brothers.

"M. d'Escoiquiz, who was a brave and clever man, answered to all this disloyal cant as became a Spaniard and a gentleman, without acrimony and without passion,—stating that it was not in the power of the emperor to replace to the king the loss of the crown of which he was depriving him, and appealing at great length to every feeling of honour and humanity in the emperor's bosom. Napoleon listened to all without betraying the slightest mark of impatience, but merely replied that he had been for a long time engaged in examining the question on every side; that his present determination was dictated by the system which he had in view, and which, although against the feelings of his heart, he must continue to persevere in. The canon then retired.

"The result of his visit was submitted to the other friends of Ferdinand. M. de Cavallos was alone of opinion that every proposition of Napoleon should be refused, and that all communication between the two sovereigns should be suspended, and he exacted, seeing the great responsibility which the council was incurring with the Spanish nation, that each member should certify his opinion in writing.

"Is it not strange that the courage of these men should have been roused just at the moment when they had need of nought but resignation? But so it was; their Spanish pride had taken umbrage at last, and the Duke del Infantado was commissioned to announce to Napoleon the prince's intention of naming a plenipotentiary to negotiate in writing every subject which it might be the emperor's pleasure to have discussed. The proceeding of Napoleon on this occasion was highly characteristic of the man. He sent for M. d'Escoiquiz, and told him, in blunt and coarse language, that if before eleven o'clock that night the councillors did not bring the formal renunciation of Ferdinand to the throne of Spain, and the formal demand of that of Etruria, he would treat with Charles IV., who was to arrive on the morrow. M. de Cavallos implored the young king not to accede to any proposition of Napoleon; but the day after M. d'Escoiquiz ventured to speak again concerning Tuscany, when Napoleon answered abruptly, 'Par Dieu, mon cher, il n'est plus temps!'

"On the 30th, at four in the afternoon, Charles IV. and the queen arrived at Bayonne. Napoleon had despatched one of his chamberlains to compliment them at Irun. In the same carriage with the king was the Princess d'Alcudia, daughter of the Prince of the Peace. The entry of the king and queen was most brilliant. The princes were allowed to go forward to meet them, and returned to Bayonne in their suite.

"The arrival of Charles completely altered the face of things. He consented to all that was required of him. Napoleon sent a message, through M. d'Escoiquiz to Ferdinand, to the effect, that as King Charles IV. had refused to adhere to his abdication, it was the duty of the Prince of Asturias to give in his renunciation on the instant. The young prince, through weakness, consented to this mark of respect to his father, although aware that in this proposition must be concealed some sinister design of Napoleon. The first act of authority on the part of Charles was to name the Grand Duke de Berg lieutenant-general of the kingdom, thus excluding Don Antonio, who had been called to Bayonne by an order of Charles himself. Don Antonio had yielded without a murmur; and an aide-de-camp of the Grand Duke de Berg escorted him to Bayonne, where he arrived on the 25th. He had incurred some danger on the road, for the people had unharnessed the mules of his carriage at Tolosa, and thrown down cart-loads of rubbish on the bridge. Don Antonio had owed his safety entirely to the courage of the captain of cuirassiers, who commanded his escort.

"Soon after the arrival of Don Antonio, the Queen of Etruria joined the royal party, bringing with her the Infant Don Francisco. It was at this moment that the princes were greeted with the astounding information that they were immediately to depart as prisoners for Valencay, and it was here they arrived on the 18th of May.

Their entrance into the chateau will never be forgotten, for it left upon the mind of every beholder the most singular impression. The princes (all excepting Don Antonio) were young, and blooming with health and innocence, while every thing about them, the habiliments which they wore, the carriages which conveyed them, the liveries of their attendants, brought back the memory of past centuries. The very coach from which they alighted might have belonged to Philip V. This air of *vetusté* reminded the bystanders of their grandeur, and rendered their position still more interesting. They were the first Bourbons who had touched the soil of France after so many years of troubles and disasters, and it was with tears that they were received. The Princess de Talleyrand, and the ladies of her suite, crowded round to greet them on their arrival, and by their attentions, succeeded in diverting the grief which they expressed at this cruel and unjustifiable exile. It was the object of every inhabitant of the chateau to render their exile as easy to be borne as possible.

"On the very morrow of their arrival the young princes were assured by all they saw, that Napoleon reigned not either in the chateau or the park of Valencay. No one was permitted to appear before them without an order from themselves, and it was agreed that no one should approach them save in court costume. Such marks of honour and respect were pleasing to young men who had been brought up amid the ceremony and etiquette of the Escorial. Every hour of the day was allotted to some pursuit. In the morning, mass at the chapel—then the *siesta*—then driving or riding in the park, and then again to prayer. In a few days the young princes found themselves more at home than they had ever done at their father's palace at Madrid. They had never been accustomed even to go out to take an airing without a ceremonious permission from the king; they had never been allowed even to walk together, it not being etiquette for more than one royal prince to be absent from the palace at a time. It is a singular fact, that the amusements of the chase, riding on horseback, and dancing, had been strictly prohibited at the court of Spain. It was at Valencay that Ferdinand fired his first shot.

"The young princes were all delighted at the change in their habits, and at the kindness with which they were surrounded. The *garde de chasse*, who accompanied them through the park, had served the Prince de Condé; the riding-master who was employed to teach them to mount on horseback, had been for years in the *grande écurie*, and had given instructions to Madame Elizabeth; so that they were constantly being reminded of individuals of their own family. Boucher, the cook, was continually employed in concocting detestable Spanish olios. The terrace before the chateau was converted into a *salle de bal* for their amusement, where they would sometimes join in those dances of their country, which require no art to follow the movements or the step. Guitars



were left in every corner of the garden, and the kind-hearted Dussek himself would devote his time and talent to the execution of simple Spanish airs, which they would love to hear, as being the only music they could understand.

"But all these amusements were but minor points of interest in the history of their lives. It was at the hour of prayer when the bell of the chapel sounded at sunset, that all the etiquette of Spanish form was most strictly adhered to. Every soul in the chateau, whether visitor, attendant, gaoler, or guard, was compelled to attend at the chapel; and it was really a touching sight to behold prisoners and gaolers, oppressors and oppressed, kneeling together before the same God, laying aside their bitterness and enmities before Him who was one day to judge them all."

### QUIN AND THE GHOST.

BY UNCLE SAM.

In the year 1743,—exactly one century ago,—and in the month of March, the celebrated comedian, James Quin, together with his friend Lacy Ryan, (afterwards joint lessee with David Garrick of Drury Lane Theatre,) were riding on horseback, debating as to the hostelry at which they would put up. "There's a pretty comfortable house near at hand," observed Quin, "one at which I have frequently passed a few days; but the landlord scores thirteen to the dozen, and I did say I would never patronise the rogue again. But I don't know that we could do better; he keeps a capital farm-yard, and his wife sees that everything is cooked to a turn." Ryan did not reply to this, as he was chafing at the certainty that Quin would never pass a house where the eating department was so unexceptionable. A turn in the road soon brought the horsemen to the Dover suburbs, and at the end of the first row of cottages stood two houses, one of which professed, on a large swinging sign, to have "good entertainment for man and horse."

"This is the place I was speaking of," said Quin, as he gave the reins of his steed to the ostler, and (not doubting the entire consent of Ryan to everything he should determine) ordered the two horses into the stable. Lacy Ryan was, at this period, a quiet, easy-tempered gentleman, one-third poet and two-thirds comedian and tragedian; but when in company with Quin, on any excursion, he always played an inferior part, looking upon Quin pretty much in the same light as Boswell did upon Johnson. The superior hero of the mimic art, after giving a glance into the stable, observed, in a complimentary manner, that he was sure his dear friend Lacy would see that both horses had fair play in the manger, and forthwith strode into the first apartment of the inn, a bar-room and kitchen combined.

In this apartment were the landlord—half farmer, half waiter—and his wife, who was reading a London newspaper about ten days old, both of whom knew Quin by personal remembrance, and made their best bow and curtsy.

"Landlord," said Quin, "the more I come to this house, the more disagreeable I find it. You seem to be terribly troubled with rats: one of the villains crossed me at the threshold, and I saw two or three in the stable. How is it you swarm in this manner?"

"Why, sir," replied Boniface, "the drains from the house run into the homestead for farm purposes, and the scents of the kitchen attracts the rats."

"Scents of the kitchen, eh?" responded Quin. "Who would have thought the rats had so much sense? But I'll suggest a remedy. The first time you catch one, send him in a bill as heavy as the one you sent me in the last time I was here, and they'll never trouble your house again."

"I'm sorry," quoth the landlady, "that any gentleman should have to make such a remark."

"I have experienced the same feeling," replied Quin. "And pray, madam what is there in the newspaper?"

"Nothing," answered the landlady.

"Then be so kind as to relate it," retorted Quin.

"Why really, sir, I can remember nothing but that it says there are more women in the world than men."

"What can be the reason of that?" observed the landlord.

"It's quite in conformity with all the arrangements of nature," replied Quin, making a very pleasant, genteel-comedy bow to the landlady, who was agreeable enough to look at, "we always see more of heaven than of earth."

The landlady made a move, and called the cook, the compliment being quite lost on her. The cook came in, looking as cross-gartered as cooks generally look. The theory on which this observation is founded would require an essay on caloric and fumigation to exemplify.

"Cook," inquired Quin, "can you manage a *fricassee à la Française*?"

"Don't understand any French lingo," replied the cook. "I was never out of Old England, or out of Kent either."

"That is very extraordinary," observed Quin: "I should have thought you had been several times over Grease."

"Neither Greece nor Rome," retorted the maiden by courtesy; "I was never ten miles from Dover in all my born days."

"Oh, cookey, cook!—that must be a mistake, for a year ago I saw you at Spithead."

"I defy the imperation, sir."

"Well, do; and toast yourself in a glass of the best Hollands before the fire after you cook my dinner. Landlady," added Quin, as he walked out of the kitchen, "I want dinner for two, but you may bring it for three if you will. Let us have everything worth eating the house contains. We will try to be satisfied if you are short of everything but soup, fish, flesh, and fowl."

The next house to the inn where Quin and his fellow-traveller put up was occupied by a small farmer of curious character; a man out of his element; one who would have succeeded better in a city than a village—a rural genius. He was always plotting and contriving, pushing himself into small notice, attending vestries and snubbing the vicar, getting into law and quarrelling with his lawyer, fishing in the squire's trout-stream without leave, and stopping his majesty's mail, as it passed by his house, when any important news was expected, by blowing a cracked French horn, and thus frightening the horses and driver. He frequented the large kitchen of the room next door, and had taken it into his head that the innkeeper ought to remove, and allow him to succeed to the lease; and thereupon he began to plot and contrive, talked of opening his own house as an inn, or building a new one opposite; and even went so far as to have a sign painted, announcing to the equestrian of retired habits that, instead of putting up at the regular hostelry, he could obtain "hay and oats" next door. The innkeeper had given several indications of a latent desire to remove into the town of Dover when his lease should expire, and the village genius was thus "pricking the sides of his intent." The innkeeper, however, was a slow mover, and the genius became out of patience, and set his wits further to work. Happening to hear the innkeeper's wife express a very decided belief in ghosts, he determined forthwith to haunt the inn with

the ghost of a traveller who had died in a room on the second floor. In pursuit of this arduous undertaking, he knocked out some bricks which separated one of his own apartments from the large chimney of the room in the next house where the deceased traveller had breathed his last, and in the dead of the night crept through this ingenious contrivance, and walked the floor with boots on, in a measured tread so accurately descriptive of the heavy, lumber-some footsteps of a *bona-fide* ghost, that the inn-keeper and his wife were daily and truly alarmed. From the commencement of this trick, only one traveller had been shewn in to sleep in the haunted bed-chamber, and this gentleman, a button-maker of Birmingham, was affrighted into fits by seeing, "with his own eyes," (and therefore he could not be mistaken,) the ghost in a dowls winding-sheet, holding a scooped turnip in his hand, inside of which burnt a small candle! From that period the room was denuded of its bed, and given up to the ghost during the night; but in the daytime was occasionally used for meetings on parish and road matters, and an occasional dinner, when the other rooms of the house were full of guests.

When Lacy Ryan had seen the horses despatch their meal without assistance from the honest ostler, he walked after Quin into the house, and was shewn into a pretty large room on the second floor, where he found the great actor seated by the side of a huge fire-place waiting for dinner.

"Well, Ryar, are the horses safe, my boy?" inquired Quin.

"Quite safe, and had their meal."

"And the stage waits for ours. Are they safe from horse-stealers? Is there a good man-trap and a dog?"

"Aye, both. A dog that puts me in mind of David Ross, of Covent Garden."

"Why, Lacy—why? Give us your comical reason, you comical dog."

"Because he's so fat."

"Ha, ha! Ross is a fat dog, to be sure. The last time I saw him he was playing George Barnwell, and looked like a porpoise. Ross," said I, "your playing of this part ought to be indicted by the Court of Aldermen. George Barnwell, an apprentice, indeed! Why, you're fat enough to be Lord Mayor of London."

"Didn't he threaten, in his usual playful manner, to pull you by the nose?"

"He never passes those jokes upon James Quin, sir; he knows his man better."

"He thinks you have such a right to be generous, that you may give without being affronted by an offer to take."

"The satirical rogue, says—'Pshaw, what is it? Mere trash.' Talking of pulling noses puts me in mind of Captain Poynt: he had his nose pulled at the Shakespeare Tavern the other night, and, instead of resenting the affront as a man of honour, he came to me to ask how he could best put up with it. 'Why, sir,' said I, 'soap your nose the next time you go into company, and the pullers will slip their hold.' But here comes the damask, the cue for dinner. The brute beasts have had their due, my boy!"

"Oh, I'll warrant it. Had I not remained, they would have had more dew than would have been good for them. The rascally ostler was going to keep them in the open air while he ran on an errand, and the dew was becoming quite dense, as the sun had already dipped in the west."

"Dipped in the west," eh, Mr. Poet? Where should the sun dip, and when should the dew rise?"

"Not such a bad line that as to be overlooked, Mr. Quin. Allow me to cap it?"

"Certainly, my boy, if it'll do you any good; only don't take away my appetite."

"Where should the sun dip, and when should the dew rise?"

When the absence of Phœbus brings tears from the skies.

"It wont do—it wont do. The skies are not a row of young ladies, to weep when their favourite rover drives his phaeton out of sight. But here comes dinner; cap that if you can."

It had now become very late for a dinner in the olden time. Candles were lighted, and the two brothers of the sock and buskin sat down to an excellent repast—"Dinner and supper rolled into one," as Quin observed. Quin, whose renown as a gourmand has almost out-lived his fame as an actor, was so silent, as to impose the same contemplative repose of speech on his friend. Dinner despatched, claret was brought in, and as soon as Quin was evidently relishing his wine and olives, Lacy Ryan thought it was high time to break silence.

"Why don't you marry, take a house, and set up an equipage?" observed Ryan.

"I carry a coach and a dinner always in my pocket," replied Quin. "I can either take the number, or turn off my cook, whenever I please; and as to a wife, lord, Ryan! if I were to marry the best cook in England, she'd be sitting in the drawing-room before the honey-moon was half over. I was as good as married once, and understand the sex, I flatter myself; but that was in my junior days, when I filled myself full of hope, and very little else; when I was a youngster in old Tag-rag's company at Ipswich, getting rid of my clothes, dining upon a waistcoat, sleeping on my linen, and breakfasting on a pair of stockings. The rest of the company used to live on angling, but I couldn't get either bite or sup that way; the diversion of the diverting dogs was too barbarous for my taste."

"Do you really think angling a barbarous diversion, Mr. Quin?"

"Do I! Marry, yes! Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a Quinning,—I should certainly bite, and what a sight I should be dangling in the air!"

"That would be 'flesh fishified,' truly, as Hamlet observes. Talking of Hamlet puts me in mind of my tragedy."

"Does it? How one thing should lead to the other, however, would pass the wit of mortal man to conceive."

"I wish you would advise me what to do with it?"

"Marry, will I. Blot out one half of it, and burn the other."

"Davy Garrick keeps me down terribly: I don't see why I should play Hamlet."

"But Garrick does; and I suppose I could if I were to try."

"To be, or not to be, that is the question."

"No question at all, upon my honour!"

"He might let me play the ghost, then."

As Ryan finished this observation, a very ghostly groan from the chimney made the two actors start and look at each other in the well-known attitude descriptive of the interrogation—*What's that?*

"There's a fellow in the chimney," observed Quin, speaking very low, "coming to murder us—robbery—all that sort of thing. Ring the bell, Lacy." The bell sounded, and the landlord appeared.

"Landlord," muttered Quin, "there's some murdering thief in the chim-



key! Have the kindness to remove him, and bring us a fresh bottle of claret."

"In the chimney!" responded the host. "O lor, sir! it's the ghost!"

"Oh, only a ghost is it!" observed Quin, who began to suspect the landlord of a guilty connexion with some intended plot. "Well, sir, if you've planted a ghost there, you can order him down."

The landlord then related all he knew on the subject, and offered to shew the gentleman into another room; but this was immediately opposed. Quin, satisfied that some trick was being played off, stated his intention to see it performed, and raising his voice for the instruction of the ghost, if within hearing, ordered the landlord to bring in two beds, for that they would sleep in that room; and then added, in a lower tone, "I was speaking to the ghost. Now an aside. Give me your ear, and put yourself in an attentive attitude, looking towards the front row of the lower boxes. Get me a fire lighted in my old room, facing the poultry-yard. Bring in an additional recruit of wine or spirits: let it be a *magnum bonum* of brandy, and none of your small cruets. We must despatch this said ghost of yours, or perhaps it will be a troublesome guest when we are asleep; and when we have laid the fellow in the Red Sea, it will be time to go to bed."

The landlord soon appeared with the *magnum bonum*.

"Now we are prepared," observed Lacy, "*Brandy versus ghost*. I'll back the spirit in the bottle for a thousand pounds."

"Not quite prepared," whispered Quin. "We must load and prime the pistols, as well as ourselves." Quin suited the action to the word, and then commenced brewing a jorum of hot brandy and water.

"Talking of ghosts," remarked Quin, "I saw old General Guise the other day, at a picture sale, and thought it was his ghost, for I had heard he was dead. Such a magnificent fellow as he used to be! He is now shrunk as thin almost as a man's own ghost. Garrick pointed him out; and I said it was impossible; but I put on my spectacles, and sure enough it was the old General. However, to annoy little Davy, I said, 'I'm right; Guise has been dead these two years; but it seems he has got a day-rule to see the pictures, and has come out disguised.'"

"Very good indeed, Mr. Quin. Now, pray give me your real opinion of my tragedy. Do you think there are many men who could produce such a drama as mine?"

"Ay, sir, many men, many women, and many children."

"You seem to be in a very contradictory humour, Mr. Quin."

"Not at all. I'll bet you a cool crown you approve of the very next thing I say."

"Done, for a crown; for if I do approve of it, perhaps it may be worth the money. What is it?"

"Why, Mister Lacy Ryan, your modesty will not intimate as much to yourself; but it is shrewdly suspected you are the greatest genius in England."

"Well, I've lost my wager, and have scarcely gained an equivalent for my money. The compliment was not worth half a crown."

"It is worth one side of a crown, as a one-sided compliment, giving you a little information. Now in earnest, Lacy. You know I'm your sincere friend. I could hire a fellow for a shilling to damn your tragedy the first night."

"How so?"

"Why, if I have read your plot aright, you have two brothers fighting for a deceased monarch's crown; and in the last scene, when the princesses, the grand vizier, and the three blacks are lying dead, you cause the brothers to make up their differences, by one of them observing, that in future they would share the crown between them. Now, at that identical moment, I would have a fellow in the pit to get up, and say, 'That's just half-a-crown a-piece for you, my bucks.' The laugh would come in there, and your fine tragedy be converted into a farce. But where is this same ghost?" added Quin, in a low tone of voice; "it will be well to put out the candles, and pretend to be asleep. The fire affords us light enough to take aim with a pistol."

No sooner said than done. Quin blew out the lights, and in a few minutes began to snore with great propriety of modulation.

The ingenious gentleman, who pleased himself with the true performance of the ghost, after groaning through the aperture in the manner previously recorded, proceeded to the bar-room of the inn, to hear what sensation his most sweet and ghostly voice had succeeded in producing. "The ghost is a-yelling again!" exclaimed the landlord; "but the two gentlemen have ordered brandy, and say they wish to see the spirit. One of 'em is a play-actor, as bold as a lion, and the other's no better, I reckon. They care naught about ghosts, or demons either, with fire coming out of their mouths, and filled brimful of sulphur. They'll be a-going to sleep presently; and if the ghost really don't trouble 'em, I shall be a-thinking there beant ever a rale ghost, but only a—"

"No rale ghost!" observed the ghost himself. "Why, you're not a *reist*, are you? No ghost! What could yell, and groan, and moan, and walk over the flure with an underground tread, and look so white and unarthly-like, as this here ghost of yours do, but a rale ghost?"

"Very true; the room is certainly haunted; and I wish I were well out of the house."

At this, the village genius chuckled, and thought, that if he could that night impose upon the play-actor and his companion, he could have the inn at a low rent. He then determined to execute a grand performance; and proceeding to the room which adjoined, by means of the chimney, the apartment where Quin and Ryan were seated, he commenced operations, by ascertaining what sort of a fire was kept up, and what were the positions of the two gentlemen. He found the fire in the chimney would not at all incommode his descent into the room, the chimney-place being of the old-fashioned commodious kind, calculated for burning wood; and he was hugely delighted, by hearing the snore of Quin, who, having the patience of a horse in harness, was persevering in his laudable determination of humbugging the ghost.

The juggling village spirit commenced proceedings by a terrific groan through the chimney, to which Quin and his companion did not answer a word. He then dressed himself in his winding-sheet, lighted his turnip-lantern, chalked his face, corked his eyelids, and proceeded to get through the aperture. The noise of this exploit was very audible to Quin, and in a minute he sprang up, fired a pistol, and ordered Ryan to light the candles. The departed spirit was taken before he had made good his appearance in character; and, when down on his knees before Quin, looked—so chapfallen was he—more like the ghost of an imposter than a spirited ghost of the supernatural world.

"Look, you villain!" shouted Quin, in the tragic tone, seizing another pistol from the table, and placing the muzzle at the head of the interloper, "if you do not instantly acknowledge yourself to be one of the human species, I'll make a ghost of you in earnest!"

The noise of the first pistol alarmed the house; the landlord and all his dependents soon rushed into the room, and beheld the dispirited ghost in a very pitiable condition, begging on his knees for life.

"This is a more sensible ghost, Mr. Landlord, than you took him to be," said Quin; "he has only premeditated our fright, and finding no success, he gives in, and cries quarter."

The remainder of this scetic may be easily imagined. The ghost had to run the gauntlet through the inn; and Quin and Ryan retired to bed, determined to leave the place the next day, before the ghost could contrive any means of human revenge. On the following morning, therefore, the horses were called out, and on mounting them, Quin observed to the ostler, "Are there any more such thieves and housebreakers as the ghost here, Dick?" To which Dick replied, "No; we be all honest folk, except the ghost; but Moll, cook, says this is the time of year for one Quin. I think she called 'un, a strolling play-actor, from Lunnun, to come down here, and I suppose we shall have nothing to boast of soon."

"How do you feel, Mr. Quin?" interrogated Ryan.

"As well as could be expected; thank you," answered the hero.

"It seems to make the hair on your wig stand on end," continued Ryan.

"Possibly so," replied Quin; "I can't tell how notorious a blackguard or thief the hair of my wig originally belonged to."

"That's singular," remarked Ryan. "I should have thought you would have taken pains on that particular. I always approve of your taste in periwigs: the new one you have on now is an elegant specimen."

"I know not how good it may prove when paid for," answered Quin, as he trotted off; but at present it has run me over head and ears in debt."

## WHEN TO LEAVE OFF.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

"When to begin" is the first grand lesson Life has to learn; for the study of it must precede even the consideration of the important question; "What we are to begin with," seeing that we can have no useful searching into that secret, until we know when to begin. This first lesson learnt, the next grand one that arises is—"When to leave off;" without perfectly comprehending which, all investigation else will probably be unavailing.

The infallible teacher of his kind, humanity's best expositor and adviser, reminds us of that tide in men's affairs, "which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;" and thus forcibly impresses upon us the immensity of the interests involved in the question, "When to begin." But having taken the tide at the moment of flood, "When to leave off" is as essential a point of study; for only by knowing the ebb-tide can we avoid those "shallowes and miseries;" in which our lives are bound when we commence in ignorance and rashness.

The lesson, which should be second on the list of practical ones, is rarely taught effectively in youth. At school, it is neglected on both sides; the master seldom attends to it in his admonitions, and never in his floggings; and the scholar heeds it as little either in the play-ground, in his pugilism, or at the pastry-cook's. A few years pass, and the youth still stands in need of the unlearned lesson. He begins a flirtation, and knows not when to leave off. He enters rashly into matrimony, repents with equal alacrity, and never knows when to leave off. Perhaps he now grows cautious; he holds a tight rein over his boys, to keep them out of his own disastrous courses; he drives them into a road of his own choosing, urges them to ends unsuitable to them, by means the most inconsiderate; and perseveres in exercising an unnatural control over their inclinations, until they bolt—to bear with them through life the sting of an early recollection, and the disposition to trace all subsequent wrong-doing to the first wrong guidance, and the undue pressure of arbitrary authority.

What, in the wide range of human influence, can be more softening, more refining, more calculated to elevate, to delight, and to sustain, than a mother's loving care for her children; but then the history of a thousand families in every city, of almost every family in some degree, shews us but too plainly, that her uncontrolled and all-indulging fondness, exquisitely beautiful in its flower, may bear bitter fruit. Her affection twines closely round its object, enervating not unfrequently what it should invariably strengthen; her exaggerated estimate of dawning merits has sometimes killed them before noon, and her affectionate culture has nipped many a promise in the bud. The virtue lost by mistaken training she assumes to be still striking deeper root, and unfailingly with this mistake of partiality grows a fatal blindness to faults. Her fond heart overflowed at first, and never knew when to leave off.

Equally evident are the mistakes of the head, hourly committed in the career of ambition, the pursuit of power, the acquisition of wealth and fame. The vast, insatiable Briarean-handed genius grasps at a hundred and one objects, and loses all. The ruler of states, the conqueror in every battle, covered with laurels, carries the war into his own household, and demands implicit submission from his wife; not knowing when to leave off, the victor is subdued, and without enjoying the glory of strife, forfeits when he needs them the blessings of peace. So the builder-up of fortunes, knowing when to begin, grasps with boyish fingers the breeding com—clutches, gathers, and accumulates, piles up ingot upon ingot, and sleeps on money-bags; but all his thoughts, studies, speculations, having centred in the first grand lesson, he has been at length too unmindful of the significance of the second, and he wakes as from a dream, his gold having melted under him like snow. So the poet who has rhymed himself into fame, rhymes himself again into obscurity; the orator who has charmed his audience, dissolves the spell by wearying them; the advocate, having skilfully won eleven juries to his side, to puzzle and confound the twelfth, desperately proves too much, and ends with having the whole dozen against him. All these are among the knowing ones, who lack the essential knowledge—when to leave off.

The want is not much to be wondered at, manifested in individuals or in classes; since foreigners have not been slow to bring the charge against us as a nation. The French always insist that they brought the battle of Waterloo to its proper and natural close; to a point, that is to say, at which we were legitimately beaten; but the British, it will be remembered, did not exactly know when to leave off. This extraordinary ignorance has always been a marked characteristic of our navy.

In the pursuit of excellence in any art, it may be advisable to stop short of perfection—to leave off, just before it is attained. It will not be comprehended, and the result will be failure. There are instances on record of the discomfiture and defeat attendant upon entire success. Not to mention the case of the pig, whose squeaking was soundly hissed for its vile pretensions to the accuracy of the human imitator, there were recorded not long ago, the disasters of a grainer of woods and marbles. His painted resemblances of mahogany and scagliola were so exact and true, that the eye wandered over their polished surfaces without discerning their merits. Not knowing when to leave off, the unfortunate professor had made them perfect. Everybody judged them to be the real things, and nobody admired. He fell a victim to his excellence—ruined by success.



Now there are portrait-painters, and other artists of various grades, who seem to be well aware of this danger, and studiously avoid all such accuracy of resemblance.

Actors, when they introduce their own elegances of dialogue to give a grace and effect to Congreve's, and having made an exit, return within the wing three times to throw the barren spectators into ecstasies, may be fairly classed with the most impudent scorners of the art of leaving off. Sailors, after a long voyage, terminating in shipwreck, are perfectly excusable, if, when seated before a round of beef, they seem wholly insensible of the existence of such an art. Young ladies engaged in new quadrilles, or older ones congregated at the tea-table, are not seriously to be rebuked, if they manifest a similar unconsciousness; it seems but natural.

Having made this liberal allowance, some indulgence may be extended, in consideration of the infirmities of the other sex, for the lovers of the fragrant weed, when a box of "particularly fine" is inconsiderately placed before them. Persons of mild tempers, plagued with vicious servants whom it is necessary to scold sharply at the outset, are not apt to leave off before the end of the quarter; but they ought to stop when they have given the irreclaimable one warning, which they seldom do: on the other hand, servants are apt naturally enough to scan the habits of their employers,—watching the wear of coats, cloaks, and cardinals, and coming, of course, to the conclusion that masters and mistresses never know when to leave off.

In the first class, if not foremost in it, of the neglectors of the art, we must place those distinguished and remorseless sportsmen, who, beating about in preserves where birds are "plenty as blackberries," return after a few hours, with two hundred and forty-seven partridges, a hundred and seventy-one pheasants, and ninety-hares. "Leaving off" must be a phrase unknown in this select circle of dead shots, where "letting off" is the only thing to be done, and the sole difficulty is to miss; but since letting off is the rule, they might let a few of the birds off, considering the dozens and scores they had brought down before breakfast.

The secret worth knowing—when to leave off—is undiscoverable by the dram-drinker. The water-drinker is immersed in a still deeper sea of ignorance. He resembles the Irish orator, who began again before he left off. Having filled himself to the teeth with the limpid stream, he applies it externally; and, always awake to water, is not, even in sleep, out of his element. "His delights are dolphin-like." Lawyers, when they are making out their bills, are proverbially deficient in that important branch of knowledge to which we are alluding. The same may not unreasonably be alleged of many "medical attendants" when they have once knocked at your door. As for creditors, when they have fairly made up their minds to call upon a defenceless gentleman merely because he owes them money, their habit is experimentally known to nine-tenths of the community.

A sad want of instruction on this head has long been evinced by London tradesmen in reference to hours of business; but they are learning the lesson at last, and the knowledge they are rapidly acquiring will doubtless prove both useful and entertaining to all employed on their establishments.

Of still graver importance is it, that the wisdom of the lesson should be instilled yet more deeply into the minds of mill-owners, and all whose manufacturing operations depend so materially upon Infant Labour. The little labourers in our factories, so slenderly informed on other subjects, can feel to their fingertips and in their very eyelids, the philosophy of the question involved in "short hours." Short hours need but short arguments. Beautifully, and with an exquisite woman's instinct, sings Mrs. Norton, in that tenderest and most touching of her many admirable poems, the "Voice from the Factories"—

"Ever a toiling child doth make us sad;"

the little toilers on the slack-wire, in equestrian circles and stage fairy-tales, not excepted; but what are these to the long tribe of street-sorrowers, or these again to the infant workers in the factory—

"Where the air thick and close and stagnant grows,  
And the low whirring of the incessant wheel  
Dizzies the head, and makes the senses reel;"

Where for them the rich fulness of the joyful summer-day, but brings

"A double curse of stifling, withering heat,"

which they must bear until the last weary hour of eve, when, worn with increasing torture and toil, they totter home, too sick to taste the food they need, too spent and exhausted for anything but sleep. And then—

"Unable to forget  
The anxious task's long heavy agonies,  
In broken sleep the victim labours yet!  
Waiting the boding stroke that bids him rise,  
He marks in restless fear each hour that flies;  
Anticipates the unwelcome morning prime;  
And murmuring feebly, with unawakened eyes,  
'Mother, oh, mother! it is yet the time?'  
Starts at the moon's pale ray, or clock's far-distant chime."

How should the horrid day thus begun seem ever to have an end! "When to leave off," was for long years a question only settled by ascertaining when the feeble pulse stopped, and the dull tearless eyes opened no more. But the moan and the whisper of accumulated suffering and wrong have at length gathered into a loud cry, and abashed Humanity has heard.

### DUMAS IN HIS CURRICLE.

From "Blackwood's Magazine," for March.

We left M. Dumas at Marseilles: we find him again at Naples. Three volumes are the result of his visit to the last named city—volumes in which he manages to put a little of every thing, and a good deal of some things. Antiquarian, historian, virtuoso, novelist, he touches upon all subjects, flying from one to the other with a lightness and a facility of transition peculiarly his own, and peculiarly agreeable. English travellers and Italian composers, St. Januarius and the opera, Masaniello and the *gettatura*, Pompeii, princes, police spies, Vesuvius, all have their turn—M. Dumas, with his usual tact, merely glancing at those subjects which are known and written about by every tourist, but giving himself full scope when he gets off the beaten track. His book is literally crammed with tales and anecdotes, to such a degree indeed, and most of them so good, that our principal difficulty in commencing a notice of it, is to know where to pick and choose our extracts; *l'embaras des richesses*, in short. The best way will probably be to begin at the beginning, and go as far as our limits allow us, referring our readers to the original for the many good things that want of space will compel us to exclude.

M. Dumas calls his book the *Corricolo*, and devotes a short and characteristic

preface to an explanation of the title. This explanation we must give in his own words. It is so highly graphic, that, after reading it, we fancied we had seen a picture of what it describes.

"A *corricolo* is a sort of tilbury or gig, originally intended to hold one person, and be drawn by one horse. At Naples they harness two horses to it; and it conveys twelve or fifteen individuals, not at a walk nor at a trot, but at full gallop, and this, notwithstanding that only one of the horses does any work. The shaft horse draws, but the other, which is harnessed abreast of him, and called the *balancino*, prances and curvets about, animates his companion, but does nothing else.

"Having said that the gig built to carry one is made to carry fifteen, I am, of course, expected to explain how this is accomplished.

"There is an old French proverb, according to which, when there is enough for one there is enough for two; but I am not aware of any proverb in any language which says, that when there is enough for one, there is enough for fifteen. Nevertheless, it is the case with the *corricolo*. In the present advanced state of civilization, every thing is diverted from its primitive destination. As it is impossible to say at what period, or in how long a time, the capacity of the vehicle in question was extended in the ratio of one to fifteen, I must content myself with describing the way of packing the passengers.

"In the first place, there is almost invariably a fat greasy monk seated in the middle, forming the centre of a sort of coil of human creatures. On one of his knees is some robust rosy-cheeked nurse from Aversa or Nettuno; on the other, a handsome peasant woman from Bauci or Procida. On either side of him, between the wheels and the body of the vehicle, stand the husbands of these two ladies. Standing on tiptoe behind the monk is the driver, holding in his left hand the reins, and in his right the long whip with which he keeps his horses at an equal rate of speed. Behind him are two or three lazzaroni, who get up and down, go away, and are succeeded by others, without any body taking notice of them, or expecting them to pay for their ride. On the shafts are seated two boys, picked up on the road from Torre del Greco or Pouzzoles, probably supernumary *ciceroni* of the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Finally, suspended under the carriage, in a sort of coarse rope network with large meshes, which swings backwards and forwards at every movement of the vehicle, is a shapeless and incomprehensible mass, which cries, laughs, sings, screams, shouts, and bellows, all by turns and none for long together, and the nature of which it is impossible to distinguish, dimly seen as it is through the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet. This mass consists of three or four children, who belong to Heaven knows who, are going Heaven knows where, give Heaven knows how, and are there Heaven knows wherefore.

"Now then, put down, one above the other, monk, women, husbands, driver, lazzaroni, boys and children; add them up, include the infant in arms, which has been forgotten, and the total will be fifteen.

"It sometimes happens that the *corricolo* passes over a big stone, and upsets, pitching out its occupants to a greater or less distance, according to their respective gravity. But, on such occasions, nobody thinks of himself; the attention of every one is immediately turned to the monk. If he is hurt, the journey is over for the day; they carry him to the nearest house; the horses are put into the stable, and he is put to bed; the women nurse him, make much of him, cry and pray over him. If, on the other hand, the monk is safe and sound, nobody has a right to complain; he resumes his seat, the nurse and the peasant woman resume theirs, the others climb up into their respective places—a crack of the long whip, and a shout from the driver, and the *corricolo* is off again at full speed."

From this we learn what a *corricolo* is, but we have not yet been told why M. Dumas should christen his book after the degenerate descendant of the Roman curriculum. Patience—we shall get to it in time. Materials crowd upon our traveller, and it is only in the second chapter that the desired explanation is given. In the first we are informed of M. Dumas's installation at the Hotel Vittoria, kept by M. Martin Zill, who, besides being an innkeeper, is a man of much taste in art, a distinguished antiquary, an amateur of pictures, a collector of autographs and curiosities. Apropos of the hotel we have an anecdote of the ex-dey of Algiers, who, on being dispossessed of his dominions by the French, took refuge at Naples, and established himself under M. Zill's hospitable roof. The third floor was entirely occupied by his suite and attendants, the fourth was for himself and his treasures, the fifth, or the garrets, he converted into his harem. The curious arms, costumes, and jewels which Hussein Pacha had brought with him, were a godsend to the virtuous tavern-keeper, who was never weary of examining and admiring them; and, before the African had been a week in the house, he and his host were sworn friends. Unfortunately this harmony was not destined to last very long.

"One morning Hussein Pacha's cook (a Nubian as black as ink, and as shining as if he had been polished with a shoe-brush) entered the kitchen of the hotel, and asked for the largest knife they had. The head-cook gave him a sort of carving-knife, some eighteen inches long, as sharp as a razor, and pliant as a foil. The negro looked at it, shook his head as if in doubt whether it would do, but nevertheless took it up stairs with him. Presently he brought it down again, and asked for a larger one. The cook opened all his drawers, and at last found a sort of cutlass, which he hardly ever used on account of its enormous size. With this the Nubian appeared more satisfied, and again went up stairs. Five minutes afterwards he came down for the third time, and returned the knife, asking for a bigger one still. The cook's curiosity was excited, and he enquired who wanted the knife, and for what purpose.

"The African told him very coolly that the dey, having left his dominions rather in a hurry, had forgotten to bring an executioner with him, and had consequently ordered his cook to get a large knife and cut off the head of Osman, chief of the eunuchs, who was convicted of having kept such negligent watch and ward over his highness's seraglio, that some presumptuous Giaour had made a hole in the wall, and established a communication with Zaida, the dey's favourite *odalisque*. Accordingly Osman was to be decapitated; and as to the offending lady, the next time the dey took an airing in the bay of Naples, she would be put into the boat in a sack, and consigned to the keeping of the kelpies. Thunderstruck at such summary proceedings, the cook desired his Nubian brother to wait while he went for a larger knife; then hastening to M. Martin Zill, he told him what he had just heard.

"M. Martin Zill ran to the minister of police, and laid the matter before him. His excellency got into his carriage and went to call upon the dey.

He found his highness reclining upon a divan, his back supported by cushions, smoking *latakia* in a chibouque, while an icoglan scratched the soles of his feet, and two slaves fanned him. The minister made his three salaams; the dey nodded his head.

"Your highness," said his excellency, "I am the minister of police."

"I know you are," answered the dey.

"Then your highness probably conjectures the motive of my visit."

"No. But you are welcome all the same."



"I come to prevent your highness from committing a crime."  
 "A crime! And what crime?" said the dey, taking the pipe from his mouth, and gazing at his interlocutor in the most profound astonishment.

"I wonder your highness should ask the question," replied the minister. "Is it not your intention to cut off Osmin's head?"

"That is no crime," answered the dey.

"Does not your highness purpose throwing Zaida into the sea?"

"That is no crime," repeated the dey. "I bought Osmin for five hundred piasters, and Zaida for a thousand sequins, just as I bought this pipe for a hundred ducats."

"Well," said the minister, "what does your highness deduce from that?"

"That as this pipe belongs to me, as I have bought it and paid for it, I may break it to atoms if I choose, and nobody has a right to object." So saying, the pacha broke his pipe, and threw the fragments into the middle of the room.

"All very well, as far as a pipe goes," said the minister; "but Osmin, but Zaida?"

"Less than a pipe," said the dey gravely.

"How! less than a pipe! A man less than a pipe! A woman less than a pipe!"

"Osmin is not a man, and Zaida is not a woman: they are slaves. I will cut off Osmin's head, and throw Zaida into the sea."

"No!" said the magistrate. "Not at Naples at least."

"Dog of a Christian!" shouted the dey. "do you know who I am?"

"You are the ex-dey of Algiers, and I am the Neapolitan minister of police; and, if your deyship is impertinent, I shall send him to prison," added the minister very coolly.

"To prison!" repeated the dey, falling back upon his divan.

"To prison," replied the minister.

"Very well," said Hussein. "I leave Naples to-night."

"Your highness is as free as air to go and to come. Nevertheless, I must make one condition. Before your departure, you will swear by the Prophet, that no harm shall be done to Osmin or Zaida."

"Osmin and Zaida belong to me, and I shall do what I please with them."

"Then your highness will be pleased to deliver them over to me, to be punished according to the laws of the country; and, until you do so, you will not be allowed to leave Naples."

"Who will prevent me?"

"I will."

"The pacha laid his hand on his dagger. The minister stepped to the window and made a sign. The next moment the tramp of heavy boots and jingle of spurs were heard upon the stairs; the door opened, and a gigantic corporal of gendarmes made his appearance, his right hand raised to his cocked hat, his left upon the seam of his trouser.

"Gennaro," said the minister of police, "if I gave you an order to arrest this gentleman, would you see any difficulty in executing it?"

"None, your excellency."

"You are aware that this gentleman's name is Hussein Pacha."

"I was not, your excellency."

"And that he is dey of Algiers."

"May it please your excellency, I don't know what that is."

"You see?" said the minister, turning to the dey.

"The devil!" exclaimed Hussein.

"Shall I?" said Gennaro, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and advancing a pace towards the dey, who, on his part, took a step backwards.

"No," replied the minister, "it will not be necessary. His highness will do as he is bid. Go and search the hotel for a man named Osmin, and a woman named Zaida, and take them both to the prefecture."

"What!" cried the dey; "this man is to enter my harem?"

"He is not a man," replied the minister; "he is a corporal of gendarmes. But if you do not wish him to go, send for Osmin and Zaida yourself."

"Will you promise to have them punished?" enquired the dey.

"Certainly; according to the utmost rigour of the law."

"Hussein Pacha clasped his hands. A door concealed behind the tapestry was opened, and a slave entered the room.

"Bring down Osmin and Zaida," said the dey.

"The slave crossed his hands on his breast, bowed his head, and disappeared without uttering a word. The next instant he came back with the two culprits.

"The eunuch was a little round fat fellow, with beardless face, and small hands and feet. Zaida was a beautiful Circassian, her eyelids painted with kool, her teeth blackened with betel, her nails reddened with henna. On perceiving Hussein Pacha, the eunuch fell upon his knees; Zaida raised her head. The dey's eyes flashed, and he clutched the hilt of his kangiar. Osmin grew pale; Zaida smiled. The minister of police made a sign to the gendarme, who stepped up to the two captives, handcuffed them, and led them out of the room. As the door closed behind them, the dey uttered a sound between a sigh and a roar.

"The magistrate looked out of the window, till he saw the prisoners and their escort disappear at the corner of the Strada Chiatamone. Then turning to the dey—

"Your highness is now at liberty to leave Naples, if he wishes so to do, said the imperturbable functionary with a low bow.

"This very instant!" cried Hussein. "I will not remain another moment in such a barbarous country as yours."

"A pleasant journey to your highness," said the minister.

"Go to the devil!" retorted Hussein.

"Before an hour had elapsed, the dey had chartered a small vessel, on board of which he embarked the same evening with his suite, his wives, and his treasures; and at midnight he set sail, cursing the tyranny that prevented a man from drowning his wife and cutting off the heads of his slaves. The next day the minister of police had the culprits brought before him and examined. Osmin was found guilty of having slept when he ought to have watched, and Zaida of having watched when she ought to have slept. But, by some strange omission, the Neapolitan code allots no punishment to such offences; and, consequently, Osmin and Zaida, to their infinite astonishment, were immediately set at liberty. Osmin took to selling pastilles for a livelihood, and the lady got employment as *dame de comptoir* in a coffeehouse. As to the dey, he had left Naples with the intention of going to England, in which country, as he had been informed, a man is at liberty to sell his wife, if he may not drown her. He was taken ill, however, on the road, and obliged to stop at Leghorn, where he died."

M. Dumas, not being in good odour with the Neapolitan authorities, on account of some supposed republican tendencies of his, is at Naples under an assumed name; and, as it is uncertain how long he may be able to preserve his incognito, he is desirous of seeing all that is to be seen in as short a time as

possible. He finds that Naples, independently of its suburbs, consists of three streets where every body goes, and five hundred streets where nobody goes. The three streets are, the Chiaja, the Toledo, and the Forcella; the five hundred others are nameless—a labyrinth of houses, which might be compared to that of Crete, deducting the Minotaur, and adding the Lazzaroni. There are three ways of seeing Naples—on foot, in a *corricolo*, or in a carriage. On foot, one goes every where, but one sees too much; in a carriage, one only goes through the three principal streets, and one sees too little—the *corricolo* is the happy medium, the *juste milieu*, to which M. Dumas for once determines to adhere. Having made up his mind, he sends for his host, and enquires where he can hire a *corricolo* by the week or month. His host tells him he had better buy one, horse and all. To this plan M. Dumas objects the expense.

"It will cost you," said M. Martin, after a momentary calculation in his head, "it will cost you—the *corricolo* ten ducats, each horse thirty carlini, the harness a pistole; in all, eighty French francs."

"What! for ten ducats I shall have a *corricolo*?"

"A magnificent one."

"New?"

"Oh! you are asking too much. There are no such things as new *corricolo*. There is a standing order of the police forbidding coachmakers to build them."

"Indeed! How long has that order been in force?"

"Fifty years, perhaps."

"How comes it, then, that there is such a thing as a *corricolo* in existence?"

"Nothing easier. You know the story of Jeannot's knife?"

"To be sure I do; it is one of our national chronicles. The blade had been changed fifteen times, and the handle fifteen times, but it was still the same knife."

"The case of the *corricolo* is exactly similar. It is forbidden to build new ones, but it is not forbidden to put new wheels to old bodies, and new bodies on old wheels. By these means the *corricolo* becomes immortal."

"I understand. An old body and new wheels for me, if you please. But the horses! Do you mean to say that for thirty francs I shall have a pair of horses?"

"A superb pair, that will go like the wind."

"What sort of horses?"

"Oh, dead ones, of course!"

"Dead ones!"

"Certainly. At that price you could hardly expect any thing better."

"My dear M. Martin, be kind enough to explain. I am travelling for my improvement, and information of all kinds is highly acceptable."

"You are acquainted with the history of the horse, I suppose?"

"The natural history! Buffon's! Certainly. The horse is, after the lion, the noblest of all the beasts."

"No, no; the philosophical history. The different stages and vicissitudes in the existence of those noble quadrupeds."

"Oh yes! first the saddle, then a carriage or gig, thence to a stage-coach or omnibus, hackney-coach or cab, and finally—to the knacker's."

"And from the knacker's?"

"To the Elysian fields, I suppose."

"No. Not here, at least. From the knacker's they go to the *corricoli*."

"How so?"

"I will tell you. At the Ponte della Maddalena, where horses are taken to be killed, there are always persons waiting, who, when a horse is brought, buy the hide and hoofs for thirty carlini, which is the price regulated by law. Instead of killing the horse and skinning him, these persons take him with the skin on, and make the most of the time he yet has to live. They are sure of getting the skin sooner or later. And these are what I mean by dead horses."

"But what can they possibly do with the unfortunate brutes?"

"They harness them to the *corricoli*."

"What! those with which I came from Salerno to Naples?"

"Were the ghosts of horses; spectre steeds, in short."

"But they galloped the whole way."

"Why not? *Les morts vont vite*."

*Et cetera, et cetera.* For the price stated by his host, M. Dumas finds himself possessor of a magnificent *corricolo* of a bright red colour, with green trees and animals painted thereon. Two most fiery and impatient steeds, half concealed by harness, bells, and ribands, are included in his purchase. After a vain attempt to drive himself, the phantom couriers having apparently a supreme contempt for whipcord, he gives up the reins to a professional charioteer, and commences his perambulations. His first visit is to the Chiaja, the favourite promenade of the aristocracy and of foreigners; his second to the Toledo, the street of shops and loungers; his third to the Forcella, frequented by lawyers and their clients. He makes a chapter, and a long one too, out of each street; but not in the way usually adopted by those pitiless tour-writers who overwhelm their readers with dry architectural details, filling a page with a portico, and a chapter with a chapel—not letting one off a pane of a painted window or a line of worn-eaten inscription, however often those things may have been described already by previous travellers. M. Dumas prefers men to things as subjects for his pen; and the three chapters above named are filled with curious illustrations of Neapolitan manners, customs, and character. Apropos of the Toledo, we are introduced to the well-known *impresario*, Domenico Barbaja, who had his palazzo in that street, and who, from being waiter in a coffeehouse at Milan, became the manager of three theatres at one time, namely, San Carlo, La Scala, and the Vienna opera. He appears to have been a man of great energy and originality of character, concealing an excellent heart under the roughest manners and most choleric of tempers.

"It would be impossible," says M. Dumas, "to translate into any language the abuse with which Barbaja used to overwhelm the singers and musicians at his theatres when they displeased him. Yet not one of them bore him malice for it, knowing that, if they had the least triumph, Barbaja would be the first to embrace and congratulate them: if they were unsuccessful, he would console them with the utmost delicacy; if they were ill, he would watch over them with the tenderness of a father or brother. The fortune which he had amassed, little by little, and by strenuous exertions, he spent in the most generous and princely manner. His palace, his villa, and his table, were open to all."

"His genius was of a peculiar and extraordinary kind. Education he had none: he was unable to write the commonest letter, and did not know a note of music; yet he would give his composers the most valuable hints, and dictate with admirable skill the plan of a libretto. His own voice was of the harshest and most inharmonious texture; but by his advice and instructions he formed some of the first singers in Italy. His language was a Milanese patois; but he found means to make himself excellently well understood by the kings and emperors, with whom he carried on negotiations upon a footing of perfect equality. It was a great treat to see him seated in his box at San Carlo, opposite that of



the King of Naples, on the evening of a new opera; with grave and impartial aspect, now turning his face to the actors, then to the audience. If a singer went wrong, Barbaja was the first to crush him with a severity worthy of Brutus. His "*Can de Dio!*" was shouted out in a voice that made the theatre shake and the poor actor tremble. If, on the other hand, the public disapproved without reason, Barbaja would start up in his box and address the audience. "*Figli d'una vacca!*" "Will you hold your tongues! You don't deserve good singers." If by chance the King himself omitted to applaud at the right time, Barbaja would shrug his shoulders and go grumbling out of his box.

"With all his peculiarities, he it was who formed and brought forward Lablache, Tamburini, Rubini, Donzelli, Colbran, Pasta, Fodor, Donizetti, Bellini, and the great Rossini himself, whose masterpieces were composed for Barbaja. It is impossible to form an idea of the amount of entreaties, stratagems, and even violence, expended by the *impresario* to make Rossini work. I will give an example of it, which is highly characteristic both of the manager and of the greatest and happiest, but most *insouciant* and idle, musical genius that ever drew breath under the bright sky of Italy."

We are sorry to tantalize our readers, but we have not space for the story that follows. It relates to the opera of *Othello*, which was composed by Rossini in an incredibly short time, whilst a prisoner in an apartment of Barbaja's house. For nearly six months had the composer been living with the manager, entertaining his friends at his well-spread table, drinking his choicest wines, and occupying his best rooms—all this under promise of producing a new opera within the half-year, a promise which he showed little disposition to fulfil. Barbaja was in a fever of anxiety, and finding remonstrance unavailing, had recourse to stratagem. One morning, when Rossini was about to start on a party of pleasure, he found his doors secured outside; and, on putting his head out of the window, was informed by Barbaja that he must remain captive until his ransom was paid. The ransom, of course, was the opera.

Rossini subsequently revenges himself on his tyrant in a very piquant manner; and, finally, the morning after *Othello* has been performed with triumphant success, he starts for Bologna, taking with him, as travelling companion, the *prima donna* of the San Carlo theatre, Signora Colbran, whom he had privately married. All this is related very amusingly by M. Dumas, but at too great length for our limits.

We have a naval combat in the second volume, in which a French frigate is attacked by two English line-of-battle ships, one of which she sinks, and receives in return the entire point-blank broadside of the other, a three-decker; which broadside, we, in our ignorance of nautical matters, should have thought sufficient to blow her either out of the water or under it. It has not that effect, however, and the frigate is captured; the captain of her, when he has hauled down his flag in order to save the lives of his men, stepping into his cabin and blowing his brains out. All this is very pretty, whatever may be said of its probability. But there are two subjects on which the majority of Frenchmen indulge in most singular delusions. These are, their invincibility upon the sea, and the battle of Waterloo. M. Dumas has not escaped the national monomania.

Our author is very hard upon the poor English in this book. He attacks them on all sides and with all weapons. Nelson and Lady Hamilton occupy a prominent position in his pages. The execution of Admiral Carraciolo, an undoubted blot on the character of our naval hero, is given in all its details, and with some little decorations and embellishments, for which we suspect that we have to thank our imaginative historian. Nelson's weakness, the ascendancy exercised over him by Lady Hamilton, or Emma Lyonna, as M. Dumas prefers styling her, her intimacy with the Queen of Naples, and subserviency to the wishes and interests of the Neapolitan court, are all set forth in the most glowing colours. This is the heavy artillery, the round-shot and shell; but M. Dumas is too skilful a general to leave any part of his forces unemployed, and does not omit to bring up his sharpshooters, and open a pretty little fire of ridicule upon English travellers in Italy, who, as it is well known, go thither to make the fortunes of innkeepers and purchase antiquities manufactured in the nineteenth century.—[Remainder next week.]

### A GAMBLING HOUSE SCENE.

From "The Elliston Papers."—EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Amongst the various places of Elliston's resort for the purpose of hazard, was a house in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, where he had occasionally met Mr. L., a young gentleman of sickly appearance, but who still followed up the phantom with that excitement so peculiar to the passion of play, and which, for the time, is able to sustain the weakest frame in all the heated combinations of its pursuit. At places of this kind, personal intercourse is generally no other than that arising from the traffic of the table, nor does a thought or word transpire which is not employed on the undivided purpose of rapine. So long as the gold glitters on the table, no inquiries are made—recognition extends not beyond the walls of the moral lazaret, and consciousness of the longest acquaintance nightly expires, as the object himself passes from the presence of the observer.

But respecting this young man, a more particular history has reached us. If not the most striking, he was perhaps one of the most melancholy examples of a gambler's state ever witnessed. Mr. L. was, at this time, about twenty-six years of age. Disease had already possessed him under that form, which so frequently mingles the cruel mockery of hope with the most peremptory fiat of mortal certainty. His manners were gentle—his temper unassailable; and at those brief intervals when the demon passion of play permitted his mind a moment's freedom, he exhibited an understanding of no ordinary quality, and a taste (particularly in the fine arts) highly cultivated. But the whole occupation of his flickering existence was literally passing to and fro, from his own home to this apartment of despair. Here, in the evening, he arrived at about eight o'clock, in a hackney-coach, and by the same means, at any unknown hour, quitted the house on his return. Here, with the entire sum of his estate and strength, he was a nightly visitor, for his other hours were literally a course of exhaustion—his daily journey between a mortal and a moral grave.

With this gentleman, Elliston had sometimes conversed, and more frequently played. It happened on a certain evening the comedian had been singularly fortunate—had won a considerable sum, the greater portion of it, the proceeds of Mr. L.'s purse. The majority of the company had by this time departed; indeed, all the *habitués* of the house, except Elliston and his companion, who continued their play. Good fortune still followed our hero, and by two o'clock, he was a winner to the full amount of his adversary's ready effects—perhaps of his resources. But Mr. L. was calm and unruffled. He paid his money, and handed over some further acknowledgments.

"You will still play on?" said Elliston. "You must recover some of this so-nigh."

"No, not to-night," responded Mr. L.

"Nay, you must take some vengeance of me," continued the other; "the jade must be wooed; take my word for it, she'll be fond after pouting. Come, we have played before together!"—saying which, he presented sundry bank-notes to his companion, and again set the table.

The game was renewed—the stakes higher; and at the conclusion of another hour, Elliston was still a considerable winner.

A slight flush, rather of exhaustion than anxiety, passed over the features of Mr. L., and he rose to depart.

"I do not like this," said Elliston; "we must not part at such odds as these; you shall still have your revenge, and to-night, too."

L. rebuked him only with a faint smile, adding, "We're later than usual. Do you hear what a night it is! I will set you down."

"As you please; but I have protested you shall have your revenge. The cards here are against you—another place will be more fortunate. Are you content to try again? You shall have luck to-night; but not here—not here."

"What do you propose?" asked L., with animation.

"Come. I'll shew you."

The companions now entered the hackney-coach, and after a drive of fifteen minutes, were set down in Stratford-place. Elliston led Mr. L. into an apartment, and some refreshment being at hand, they partook accordingly.

"I have disappointed you so far," said Elliston; "this is not quite the gay scene you may have anticipated. But courage! your more immediate object is here," (continued he, shuffling the cards.) "I never won a guinea in my own house yet, and I am sure Fortune will not be inclined to follow me, on such a night as this, after abandoning her so scurvily in Blackfriars."

"Come, then, to a little further business," replied L.

Down they sat. Luck now blew from a fresh quarter under the new sky in which they played. L. was recovering—a transient, treacherous success, adding mockery only to the certain course of the infatuated gamester. Again—again he lost; new loans were advanced, and further acknowledgments handed over to his opponent. It was now past three o'clock.

"Why, how is this?" said Elliston, with marked gravity, as he deliberately turned up a pile of notes, and spread the specialties before him—"this is a large amount, Mr. L., a very considerable sum of money. You must have lost."

"More, perhaps, than my friend has won," interrupted the other, with a bitterness unusual to him—"the debt—the debt! What is the debt?" demanded he, impatiently.

"True; it must be lessened," replied the comedian, in a sententious tone. "I think—I am sure it may. At any rate, you have a better security to give me for my demands. I am not quite satisfied."

"Mr. Elliston," cried the other, as a sudden flush spotted his pale cheek, "what am I to think of this night's transaction—this strange irritation? Does a man necessarily forfeit his credit with his money? And though I know you for a fair dealer, yet let me remind you, that he who provokes the game does little better than take advantage of his friend."

"Will you for five minutes resume your seat?" said Elliston, solemnly—"we must not part yet. They tell me I am fond of long speeches, but I'll be brief, for our time is so. I have told you I must have further—better security for the work done to-night—I am not satisfied. But in the first place, here"—(continued he, in the tone of one calmly determined)—"here, Mr. L., is the cash, and the whole amount of what I have this night won from you; and that we may proceed without fear of retracing a step, I seriously pronounce no power on earth shall induce me to retain one guinea."

L. gazed in speechless attention—he knew not the nature of his own emotions.

"This has been a long sitting," resumed Elliston,—"has broken deeply into our rest, but it shall close to our comfort—to our happiness, if you but permit it. Mr. L., you are far from a state of health—perhaps not a long-lived man; think how little time, therefore, could be given to reflection, even were the whole amount so devoted. Do not despise the admonition of even an erring man; and let not pride, that pitiful illusion, be the last cheat to leave you barer than poverty. Never," (concluded he, with great energy.)—"never will I touch again one farthing of this sum—it is yours, or it consumes this night before your eyes. Now for the security I ask—give me the honour of a man you will never play again."

The accents of the young man failed upon his lips, but the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his frame drooped by exhaustion.

"Alas! alas!" sighed he, after a labouring pause. "How am I humbled! In the sense of my own worthlessness, and before the generosity of this man, how am I humbled!"

"Humbled!" cried Elliston, with energy—"humility!—why, how is this, when I had hoped on both sides for exultation? Exultation, I confess it, on my part, that I had been able to achieve a substantial good, and exultation, still greater on yours, that you had secured the moment whilst it yet remained, to make peace with your own conscience. Will you give me the word of man?"

"Yes; and before God, my witness—"

"No—no—not!" interposed Elliston. "I have no right with such a bond; and believe me, my friend, if the deliberate word of a deeply impressed mind should ever submit to dishonour, a more solemn contract would yet live to be despised, whilst the penalty would be multiplied a hundredfold. Give me but your word—your word of honour."

Such was the generous appeal, awakening, as may be imagined, the long abused and paralysed energies of the poor youth to whom it had been addressed. It was not made in vain; and the security which our hero had so warmly sought, was given with all the impassioned evidence of sincerity.

Elliston was of a temperament fully to enjoy that sublimation of delight, which such an adventure was so calculated to produce. His end had been accomplished; for when again visiting (strange an inconsistent as is the nature of man) the old scene of riot and dissipation, he discovered his friend had returned no more, but had been recalled by his means to the timely task, of binding up a wounded conscience, he felt a sense of happiness far surpassing any amount of his varied life. But strange and inconsistent, we repeat, as man's nature is, Elliston himself still continued to visit Blackfriars as usual, so that all traces of the past scene were soon lost in the mazes of the hazard table.

Such, alas! was Elliston—one of those who appeared to regard righteousness as a liberal host does his best wine, using but little of it himself and reserving his stock for the benefit of his friends.

About three months from the above event, Elliston, after an absence of two days from home, found the following letter, amongst many others, on his return to Stratford-place:—



"I am dying—from this bed of pain and anguish I can never rise. I am dying—and God knows how willingly, but for that which can alone make death terrible. If to one almost lost to hope, there could be an interval of quiet, such is the moment I pronounce, 'Bless you! God bless you, sir!' You know why I should say God bless you! An hour like mine must be past all hypocrisy, else I should but profane that justice I invoke to bless you. Hear me, sir, it is my last worldly office, and I have done. You would have rescued me from ruin—would have restored me to that, which all men, ere they die, will discover to be the only true joy on earth. For a time, shame—for it was not virtue, nor common honesty—shame guarded my steps, and baffled that fiery passion with which my neglected boyhood had grown up familiar. I did not play—avoided, fled all means of play—all place, all time, in which even danger might lie disguised. But my mind, so long estranged from honourable bent, became a void—would not be roused—'twas steeped—'twas poisoned, sir! The venom had stung my very soul to death, and I became the helpless, hopeless, despicable thing—a confessed liar! I returned to vice—I hurried to destruction—dishonoured that last, last bond, not to be sued on earth, and in pain, in poverty, in contempt, and utter desertion, I am fast, fast dying! But all will perish with me, except my disgrace! Bless you—bless you, sir! It still comforts me to say so. I shall die with it on my lips."

Deeply affected, it may well be imagined, was Elliston, on reading this distressing history. The letter had been dated three days back, from some street in Westminster, but without the number of the house. Elliston went immediately, with the full determination of discovering the penitent; and though he could anticipate nothing in the meeting but of a most painful nature, yet could not resist the desire which impelled him to the interview.

In this object he had some difficulty, for he applied at several lodging-houses without success, and had nearly given up his pursuit, when he accosted a female in the act of descending the steps of a house he had previously passed. It was here Elliston gained all his intelligence,—for it was the house in which poor L— had that morning breathed his last.\*

This narrative recalls strikingly an incident in the career of King, the actor. King played deeply; and on a certain occasion he borrowed five guineas, being his last stake, with which he won two thousand pounds. Escaping from the apartment, he fell on his knees, exclaiming, in an impassioned manner, "Give me a Bible!" on which he took an oath never to play again. But the oath he kept not many months, for King afterwards became a member of the "Miles" club, in St. James's-street, where he lost everything.

### A JOURNEY IN THE PYRENEES, IN 1813.

FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF CAPT. JOHN FORD, ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

On the 22nd July, 1813, while encamped with my regiment, the 79th, at St. Esteben, on the Bidassoa, I received an order from the Adjutant-General, Major-General Pakenham, to proceed to St. Sebastian without delay, to act as an Assistant-Engineer at the siege of that place. I had previously sent in my name to him as a volunteer for the duty, having served in that capacity in Holland, north and south of Spain, &c., &c.

I immediately applied to the Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General for a route. Not knowing which was the best road, he advised me to make inquiries of Major-General Pack's landlord, an intelligent Spaniard, who informed me there were two roads, one by Sunbilla, Aranaz, and Oyarzun, the other, which appears was the regular one, by Sunbilla, Lesaca, and Oyarzun, and strongly recommended me to take the former, being the shortest; and as I was anxious to be at my post without unnecessary delay, I followed his advice.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 23rd, I left St. Esteben on foot, with my baggage, consisting of a trunk containing clothes, &c., a basket with cooking utensils, and three days' provisions, and a bag with a large boat cloak, and two blankets,—the whole on a bat-horse, and my servant, Private James Sherer, armed, to conduct it.

We had not proceeded far before the horse gave us a great deal of trouble, having been accustomed to march tied to the bat-horses of the company; he made several attempts to return, threw off the baggage, and, notwithstanding I assisted my servant, by either leading or driving him, it detained us on the road. We arrived, however, early in the day at Aranaz, but being informed there that the distance between that place and Oyarzun was six leagues, by an intricate path over a very high mountain covered with wood, without any village, or even a house, on the road, and the Alcalde having offered me a lodging for the night in his house, by his advice I determined to remain, and to proceed early in the morning with a guide.

In the afternoon, the inhabitants of Aranaz were very much alarmed by the arrival of a Spanish Commissary and a company of Longa's guerrilla corps, to search the houses for provisions. The mistress of the house immediately came into my room, and requested me to sit down upon the bed or couch, under which, it appears, she had previously placed a side of bacon, cheese, bread, &c. I complied, and a few minutes afterwards a Spanish officer, commanding the party, entered the room, but seeing a British officer on the bed, he apologized and withdrew, to the great joy of the poor people of the house, who expressed themselves grateful for the protection I had afforded to their property. I marched from Aranaz early in the morning of the 24th, with a guide, and another man he took with him as a companion, it not being safe, as they reported, to travel alone; they were both inhabitants of Aranaz, and unarmed. The guide could speak Spanish and Basque (the latter being the language of the province;) his companion, Basque only.

The road, or rather footpath, was not more than two or three paces wide, and through a thick wood, and in many places very steep; the baggage was frequently knocked off by the horse running against the trees. On one of these occasions, while the guide and his companion were assisting my servant to reload the baggage, a party of guerrillas (Longa's) came up, escorting peasants with sheep; they saluted me respectfully: but on passing, one of them called to me in Spanish (raising his voice), "Come with us—the peasants have murdered one of Longa's cavalry—do not go with them." I paid no attention to what they said, conceiving myself much safer with two unarmed men than with a party of undisciplined soldiers, who had no means of subsisting but by forced contributions on the people, and by plunder, and to obtain which they spared neither friend nor foe. I determined, however, to be on my guard, as I found I had got into a path out of the direct line of communication, and unfrequented by the British troops. I afterwards recollected that my guide had been very inquisitive, having occasionally asked me questions, such as "Did you get any prize-money at Vittoria?" "What o'clock is it?" &c., &c.; but these questions did not at the time excite any suspicion.

About eleven o'clock, we arrived at the summit of the mountain, and were quite delighted with the beautiful view before us; the day being fine, we could

\* The substance of the incident above was communicated to the Editor of these Papers by a gentleman connected with an extensive firm in Paternoster-row—a connexion of L—'s family, who saw him frequently in his last illness.

see the entrance in Passage harbour, the hill on which the castle of St. Sebastian is situated, the mouth of the Bidassoa, Renteria, and several other towns, a considerable part of France (which from this distance and great height appeared quite level,) also the vessels cruising off the coast.

The guide pointed out Oyarzun, informed me that I could not lose my way, and asked permission to return with his companion to Aranaz, which I granted, and they took their leave.

Being fatigued, I resolved to halt, take some refreshment, and allow the horse to graze a little. While sitting on the grass, ten Spanish soldiers (armed) came up to me, dressed in Spanish and French uniforms. They asked me some questions, which I did not understand; they said they belonged to Mina's corps; they whispered together, looked at my baggage, and their whole conduct was disrespectful and suspicious; but a peasant also coming up to us, they made some inquiries of him about a road, and marched off in a contrary direction to that I took.

About noon, when descending the mountain, through a thick wood, Sherer, my servant, observed to me how fortunate we were in having halted at Aranaz, otherwise, he said, we should have been obliged to sleep in the wood all night. He had just uttered the last word, when about five muskets were unexpectedly fired at us from the right above the path. Sherer fell dead at my feet; the horse stopped, being wounded; I turned to the right, and looked up the side of the mountain, but could see no person, nor did I hear any noise. I ran about forty paces, and then halted, conceiving it impossible to escape, but on turning round, the trees and a curve in the road prevented me from seeing anything, and finding that I was not pursued, I made the best of my way to Oyarzun, only a league distant.

On entering the lower town, I met with a company of Spanish soldiers; the officer commanding, to whom I mentioned what had occurred, offered me several of his men to go in pursuit of the banditti; but as there was very little difference in appearance between them and the lawless guerrilla men I had last met, and as they did not seem to like the employment, and there being, the officer informed me, an English General in the town, I unluckily conceived it to be my duty to report to him, and declined their service, by which I lost more time than I had any thought of, as I was baffled by military etiquette in all my applications except the last.

Being informed it was Major-General Howard who commanded, I called at his quarters,—the General was not at home. Capt. Battersby, his Aide-de-Camp, recommended me to go to the Spanish General commanding (General Giron,)—he was also out. Capt B— then kindly accompanied me to the Assistant Adjutant-General (Major Hope,) who regretted that he had no men then at command, but gave me a letter to Colonel Colin Halket, of the King's German Legion. The Colonel, though very unwell, immediately saw that there was no time to be lost, and he directly ordered a Sergeant, Corporal, and two privates from his own guard, and three privates from the Commissary guard, to accompany me. With these men (who belonged to the King's German Legion,) I returned to the mountain. We, however, lost some time in looking for the path, it was so difficult to find, and at last were obliged to send back, and press one of the inhabitants to serve as a guide.

A quantity of blood on the road, and two balls in a tree, sufficiently indicated the spot, and we found Sherer's body a few paces down the mountain among the fern, which being high, completely concealed it. A ball had passed through the upper part of his head; they had taken his ammunition from him, leaving his arms, &c. The rascals must have concealed themselves in a water-course behind a bank, running parallel with, and only sixteen paces from the road, and above it, and fired through the fern. I must have been waylaid by the Spanish soldiers I last met, or by some people connected with the guides, it is impossible for me to determine which. That they intended to take both our lives, there can be no doubt, as two balls struck a tree in advance of us. There was a short pause after the three first shots were fired, when two others were discharged, as if they had missed their mark. It was impossible for them to take correct aim afterwards, as every time they moved their muskets, they must have moved the fern, and thereby rendered our exact position uncertain. I am inclined to think that their pieces were laid on the bank, ready to be fired off as we came in line with them, and in this opinion the Germans concurred.

We could not trace the horse, nor was there any vestige of the baggage. I returned to Oyarzun, and informed General Howard of what I had done. He desired Provost McKenzie (of the 79th,) to take a party and bury the body, which was performed the following morning.

I was thus deprived of a faithful servant, and lost the whole of my baggage, which was invaluable in that country. It took place within a league of a large body of Spanish troops, and the 1st Division British; and though in an unfrequented part of the country, I had some expectations that the nest of rascals would have been apprehended.

On entering the town of Oyarzun, with the party carrying poor Sherer's bloody bonnet and arms, I met Lieut.-Colonel Neil Douglas on his way from England to take the command of the 79th at St. Esteben, intending to take the regular route by Lesaca. The Colonel interested himself to procure some shelter for me for the night, the crowded state of the town rendering it difficult to procure a billet.

General Howard desired me to report the circumstance to General Graham at Hernani, and I accordingly went thither on the 26th July, it not being much out of my way to St. Sebastian. The Adjutant-General (Colonel Bouverie) informed me General Graham was not at home, and I proceeded forward without any further delay, to report myself to Colonel Fletcher, the Commanding Engineer at St. Sebastian.

From Colonel Fletcher, though wounded, I met with kind attention; he promised to write Lord Fitzroy Somerset on the subject of my claims for the loss of baggage; and as the siege of St. Sebastian was to be immediately raised, in consequence of the advance of Marshal Soult for the relief of Pampluna, he recommended me to return to my regiment, to get a servant and some clothes from my friends, and added, that my name should be kept on the list of Assistant-Engineers at St. Sebastian, while any officers of the line were employed in that capacity.

From the officers of the 59th at St. Sebastian, I met with the most friendly attention during the day and night I remained there: they pitched a tent for me, gave me a dinner, a bed, breakfast, &c., and exerted themselves to make me comfortable,—I can never forget it. Several introductory letters to the officers of different regiments at St. Sebastian, I lost with my baggage.

I left St. Sebastian, and returned to Oyarzun on the 27th; there I met with Mr. Good, of the Guards, he gave me a shirt, and some other articles extremely useful; and Major Drake, (Quartermaster-General's Department,) also offered me linen, but I could only accept one shirt, having no mode of conveyance. The value of these articles can only be appreciated by those who have known the want of them in a country exhausted by war. I had some money in my pocket, but it was of no use to me then; some part of it had been, un-



asked for, kindly pressed upon me by my good friends Capt. W. Marshall and Captain Neil Campbell, on my leaving St. Esteven; and I was obliged to pass through the campaign of the following winter, (and part of it on the Pyrenees,) without either a great coat or a cloak, and in want of many necessities.

I marched next morning, returning by the regular route through Lesaca instead of Aranaz, (and on the road I met with two officers of the Rifles, mounted, going to Passages or Bilbao to embark for England, they kindly remonstrated with me for going unaccompanied and on foot, but there was no alternative,) but to my great surprise the headquarters of the army was not at Lesaca, as I had been led to expect; except a letter party of cavalry, not a British soldier was there. Lord Wellington had left in great haste to oppose Marshal Soult, who had advanced to relieve Pampeluna, which was blockaded by the Spaniards. The inhabitants of Lesaca were in great consternation in consequence of the French having advanced and attacked the Spaniards at the Bridge of Vera, near Lesaca: the bridge was successfully defended by Longa's Corps, and some of the Royal Staff Corps, under the command of Captain Mann. I halted at Lesaca for the night, and marched early in the morning of the 29th July for St. Esteven, intending to follow the army by that route, and I fell in with a small detachment of British, (General Clinton's guard of my own regiment,) and Portuguese troops also on the march to join the army.

On our arrival at St. Esteven, the inhabitants informed us that 2000 French cavalry had passed the end of the bridge early that morning, going towards Pampeluna! and we heard a heavy firing in that direction, (the battle of the Pyrenees.) This being the road we intended to take, we found, on inquiry, that we could not proceed farther in that direction without being taken prisoners; and to remain at St. Esteven in rear of the enemy for the night, would be attended with too much risk. The Alcaldi mentioned two places, viz., Donna Maria, and Zubietta, where he said he believed there were British troops the night before; and though much fatigued, we proceeded across the country to Zubietta, and in the evening arrived at the abbatis of the advanced post of the Light Division, (not engaged in the battle of the Pyrenees,) and it was supposed we were prisoners who had just made our escape from the enemy.

We immediately reported ourselves to General Alten, and drew provisions. On the 30th July, I marched with the Light Division to Comberera, on the road between Tolosa and Pampeluna. The Adjutant-General informed me, next day, when I inquired for a verbal route, that my regiment was in the neighbourhood of Pampeluna. I left Comberera with the detachment of the 79th of Berriopiano; but at the strong pass on the road we were halted by the officer commanding it, who informed me he had orders to stop all detachments for the defence of the pass. On representing my situation to him, he allowed me to proceed, only keeping the detachment, which at this time was unnecessary, as the whole of the Light Division which I had just left was in front of the pass, and the enemy had retired again to France, but his orders had not been countermanded. I halted for the night at a small village near Berriopiano, that place being full of wounded.

On the 1st of August, I took the route by Pampeluna to Assoz, near Souraren, where I found my friend Dr. Divir, of the 79th, with other medical officers, in charge of the wounded both French and English. A house full of wounded French, was quite offensive: they were in a most wretched state, their wounds not having been dressed in consequence of the want of lint. The other medical officers took their departure for their respective regiments; and the disagreeable duty of attending to these unfortunate men, devolved upon Dr. D. alone, it being his turn to remain; and he performed his duty towards them with the greatest attention and humanity. The Doctor requested me to go into each room to inform the poor men that they were not forgotten, but that the delay arose from the want of lint; and I never shall forget the sight I then witnessed.

My regiment had returned to the frontier, but the Doctor supplied my present wants; and being in a very dirty state, and nearly barefooted, I was obliged to halt for a few days.

On the 5th August, I marched to Lanz; 6th, to Elisonda; 7th, to Mayo, where I gladly joined my regiment.

My friends, particularly Major Duncan Cameron, and Lieutenant Thomas Brown, furnished me with many things I was in great distress for, particularly shoes; and I was immediately employed with Lieutenant Pitts, of the Royal Engineers, in fortifying the pass of Mayo. I had served with him as an Assistant-Engineer at Cadiz; and when he heard of the arrival of the regiment at Mayo, he made an application to head-quarters for me to be allowed to join him, (not being aware that I was detached,) and under the circumstances of my case it was readily granted. The site of the redoubts and batteries to be erected being near the regiment, I had the benefit of one of the tents, procured another servant, and a few necessities; and by the time the army advanced, I had purchased a horse to carry my new kit.

Lieutenant Gethin, of the 11th Regiment, was the only other officer who volunteered from the Sixth Division for St. Sebastian. He took the frequented route by Sunbilla, Lesaca, and Oyarzun, arrived safe, remained till the second siege, gallantly led a column to the assault, and obtained his company.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

We now come to treat of Husband and Wife, and shall inquire, first, how marriages may be made, which will be interesting to lovers; secondly, how marriages may be dissolved, which will be interesting to unhappy couples; and lastly, what are the legal effects of marriage, which will be interesting to those who have extravagant wives, for whose debts the husbands are liable.

To make a marriage three things are required:—first, that the parties will marry; secondly, that they can; and thirdly, that they do; though to us it seems that if they do, it matters little whether they will, and if they will, it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will, they must; because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore they can if they choose; and if they don't it is because they won't, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they do, it is absurd to speculate upon whether they will or can marry.

It has been laid down very clearly in all the books, that in general all persons are able to marry unless they are unable, and the fine old constitutional maxim, that "a man may not marry his grandmother," ought to be written in letters of gold over every domestic hearth in the British dominions. There are some legal disabilities to a marriage, such as the slight impediment of being married already; and one or two other obstacles, which are too well known to require dwelling on.

If a father's heart should happen to be particularly flinty, a child under age has no remedy, but a stony guardian may be macadamised by the Court of Chancery; that is to say, a marriage to which he objects may be ordered to take place, in spite of him. Another incapacity is want of reason in either of

the parties; but if want of reason really prevented a marriage from taking place, there would be an end to half the matches that are entered into.

A considerable deal of the sentiment attaching to a love affair has been smashed by the 6th and 7th of William IV., c. 85, explained by the 1st of Victoria, c. 22,—for one act is always unintelligible until another act is passed to say what it means. This statute enables a pair of ardent lovers to rush to the office of the superintendent registrar, instead of to Gretna Green; and there is no doubt that if Romeo could have availed himself of the wholesome section in the act alluded to, Juliet need not have paid a premature visit to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

Marriages could formerly only be dissolved by death or divorce; but the New Poor Law puts an end to the union between man and wife directly they enter into a parochial Union. Divorce, except in the instance just alluded to, is a luxury confined only to those who can afford to pay for it; and a husband is compelled to allow money—called alimony—to the wife he seeks to be divorced from. Marriages, it is said, are made in Heaven, but unless the office of the registrar be a little paradise, we don't see how a marriage made before that functionary can come under the category alluded to.

A husband and wife are one in law—though there is often anything but unity in other matters. A man cannot enter into a legal agreement with his wife, but they often enter into disagreements which are thoroughly mutual. If the wife be in debt before marriage, the husband, in making love to the lady, has been actually courting the cognovits she may have entered into; and if the wife is under an obligation for which she might be legally attached, the husband finds himself the victim of an unfortunate attachment. A wife cannot be sued without the husband, unless he is dead in law; and law is really enough to be the death of any one. A husband or a wife cannot be witness for or against one another, though a wife sometimes gives evidence of the bad taste of the husband in selecting her.

A wife cannot execute a deed; which is, perhaps, the reason why Shakspeare, who was a first-rate lawyer, made Macbeth do the deed, which Lady Macbeth would have done so much better, had not a deed done by a woman been void to all intents and purposes.

By the old law, a husband might give his wife moderate correction; but it is declared in black and white that he may not beat her black and blue, though the civil law allowed any man on whom a woman had bestowed her hand, to bestow his fists upon her at his own discretion. The common people, who are much attached to the common law, still exert the privilege of beating their wives; and a woman in the lower ranks of life, if she falls in love with a man, is liable, after marriage, to be a good deal struck by him.

Such are the chief legal effects of marriage, from which it is evident, says Brown, that the law regards the fair sex with peculiar favour; but Smith maintains that such politeness on the part of the law is like amiability from a hyæna.

Comic Blackstone.

### LOOSE LEAVES BY A LITERARY LOUNGER.

\* \* \* The Turks designate the grounds appropriated for the remains of the dead, by the expressive term, "*cities of silence*,"—a name, which, we learn by Oriental travellers, acquires additional force from the vast extent of ground marked by these monumental stones, before he arrives at the abodes of the living. The eloquent author of "*Anastatus*" refers to their curious usages of interment at the larger Moslem cemeteries of Constantinople and Scutari, caused by the dislike of the Turks to re-open the ground where it is known a corpse has already been deposited. We shall not stay to describe these tombs, but simply remark, that the slabs by which the graves are usually denoted, are perforated with holes, through which beautiful flowers grow and diffuse their fragrance and their leaves around. The grounds are thickly planted with trees, which afford a grateful shade; and were it not for the grotesque turbaned headstones, the effect would inspire deep solemnity. The Turkish females are accustomed to visit the last resting-place of their deceased friends on Fridays, on which day they have a conceit that they return to a consciousness of their severed ties. It is curious to observe that the Turks never use a coffin in their burials; indeed much of the distinctive character or prejudices of various nations may be gathered from their funeral customs. In the East Indies, previously to consigning their dead to the grave, they dry the corpse by fire: elsewhere they have been disposed of by the more summary process of a watery grave, or been given a prey to wild beasts or vultures. Our own Indians, it is known, are no less singular in their practices with their dead.

The great Cemetery of Paris, *Père le Chaise*, was consecrated as a public place of sepulture in 1804: it derived its present name from the favourite confessor to Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. Within its boundaries formerly stood an establishment belonging to the Jesuits, called the "*Maison de Mont Louis*," subsequently, in 1763, on the suppression of the order, the estate was sold, and passing into the hands of the public authorities, it became applied to its present purpose. This cemetery occupies an area of one hundred acres; it is laid out in a picturesque style; its beautiful, rich foliage and funeral flowers have an effect solemn and deeply imposing, intersected as they are by its variegated monumental structures; albeit there are to be seen many painful indications of the mummeries of monkish affection, and no lack of the silly vanities and far-fetched conceits which alike disfigure most of the burial-grounds elsewhere. The Parisians are accustomed to visit these silent abodes of the dead on Sundays, as a promenade; and on All Souls' Day, which is appropriated by the Catholic Church to the commemoration of the deceased, persons are accustomed to repair to the graves of their departed friends, clad in the habiliments of mourning, and with forms of lamentation. A subterranean canal, which formerly conveyed water to Mont Louis House, still exists, and serves to replenish and keep the plants and flowers in perennial bloom and verdure. It is stated that during the first twenty-five years of its existence as a public cemetery, upwards of 100,000 bodies had been interred, and that 15,000 monumental sepulchres had been erected by the friends of the deceased. The chapel in which funeral ceremonies are performed, is about sixty feet in height; it is chaste and imposing in its architectural proportions, and is lighted within by a window in the centre of the roof. Of the numerous interesting tombs which decorate these grounds, we can only mention a few. That of Abelard and Heloise represents a Gothic chapel of much beauty. On the story of these two lovers, we need not offer any remarks, nor, indeed, add anything touching the romantic legend of Abelard's opening his arms to welcome the corpse of his Heloise, who was buried in the same tomb some twenty years after—saying that it affords not the most convincing evidence to the oft-repeated assertion,

"Truth is strange, stranger far than fiction."

A large monument has been here erected to the memory of the French poet, De Lisle, another to the chemist Fourcroy, Madame Cottin the authoress, La Fontaine, Molière, Joseph Bonaparte, the Abbé Licard, Sonnini the naturalist, St. Pierre, Langes the Orientalist, Laplace, Cuvier, Denon, Volney, Talma, Haiy, Madame Dufresnoy (called the tenth Muse), and Madame Blanchard,



who perished in 1819 by her balloon taking fire. The tomb of the unfortunate Madame Blanchard is surmounted by a globe in flames. On that of La Fontaine sits very composedly a black fox, while two bas-reliefs in bronze represent, one his fable of the Wolf and Stork, and the other, that of the Wolf and the Lamb. Le Fevre has a magnificent sarcophagus, where two figures of Fame are crowning his bust, and a serpent, the emblem of immortality, encircling his sword; while Ney, "the bravest of the brave," sleeps unmarked save by a single cypress.

Some of the humbler memorials more than compensate for the absence of splendor, by their touching simplicity; take the following specimens:—"Pauvre Marie! à 29 ans."—"A ma Mere."—"A mon Père." The reader must pardon the sudden transition, but we have another of a totally different character, which we may consider, for want of a better term, the Epitaph *prudential*; it may be rendered thus:—"Here lies N., the best of fathers, the most tender of husbands; his disconsolate widow still keeps the fancy shop, Rue Richelieu, No. —!" And, as a set-off to the above, please take the annexed from the same cemetery:—

"Ci git ma femme; c'est bien,  
Pour son repos, et le mien!"

Much might be written respecting the tombs which are so thickly clustered within the vaulted aisles of Westminster Abbey, and beneath the vast dome of the great Metropolitan Cathedral of London: the long line of illustrious dead, which, with their mouldering monuments, have been deposited within the sainted walls of the former during the long lapse of some eight or ten centuries, present not only the mausoleo but the historic gatherings of old England, comprising its nobles, patriots, poets, and martyrs. To those who have enjoyed the privilege of a personal visit to this venerated pile, any attempts of our pen at a written description of the scene, must prove inadequate to revive afresh the sublime and solemn impressions which it ever inspires; and yet, as many who may thus accompany us in our present wanderings, who have not, ought to be consulted, we cannot altogether decline our humble essay of the task. On entering the Abbey at the south-east transept, called "Poets' Corner," the mind becomes overwhelmed with the stately grandeur and mournful magnificence of the "solemn temple": its lofty, gilded roof, its gloomy cloisters, and

"Storied windows richly dight,  
Shedding a dim, religious light,"

at once fill the mind with a solemn reverence and awe; as you find yourself surrounded with the sainted effigies of the mighty dead. "The grey walls are discolored by damps," says an eloquent writer, "and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's heads, and other funeral emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the key-stones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay! Passing over the rude figures of abbots in the cloisters, coeval with the time of William of Normandy, we come to St. Edward's Chapel, which is full of very ancient remains; the shrine of King Edward stands nearly in the centre. In the same chapel, a huge marble coffin containing the body of Edward, remarkable as having been opened in 1774 by a deputation of the Society of Antiquarians, when the body was found in a state of complete preservation, having on two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the other of crimson velvet, a sceptre in each hand, a crown on his head, and many jewels still quite bright.

But we must not linger over the numerous ancient relics with which every niche of this vast abbey and its several chapelries are so rife. The poets' corner is indebted for its renown less to the sculptor's skill than the great names to whose memory it has sought to do homage. Chaucer, Milton, Shakspeare, Gower, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Cowley, Spencer, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Goldsmith, Addison, Thomson, Watts, with Handel, Garrick, and many other illustrious names, have their appropriate monuments, upon which characteristic inscriptions are placed, excepting Pope, however, who, although he contributed more epitaphs, than any besides, for others, has no memorial here of his own. It is true he did not always confer these mournful tributes without due consideration for his poetic skill. We remember one instance in which he received twenty guineas for his effusion—a very laconic one, moreover, since it did not exceed as many words, although in this consisted its singular merits. It is as follows:

"She was,—but words are wanting to say what;  
Think what a wife should be, and she was that!"

Brief monumental inscriptions are, after all, the most eloquent. What can exceed the magnificence of that of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, of which he was the well known architect:—

"Lector, si monumentum requiris, circumspice!"

and we might add that to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton:—

"Isaacum Newton quem immortalem Testantur tempus, natura, cælum, mortalem hoc marmor fatetur!"

One of the simplest and saddest to be met with, perhaps, is that of Pope Adrian, said to have been written by himself:

"Adrianus Papa VI., hic situs est, qui nihil sibi  
Infelicius in vita, quam quod imperaret duxit."

and then again that ingenious and striking inscription, at Cracow, on Copernicus, in which the very words of Scripture, which were used as a pretext for the persecution of the great truth he discovered, are employed for his epitaph:

"Sta, sol, ne moveare."

Luther's last resting-place is marked by a plain marble slab, at Wirtemberg, bearing, simply, his name in Latin with the date of his birth and death; as also the mortal remains of that great hero of three revolutions—Lafayette.

Funerals, in England, are, to a certain extent, indicative of provincial characteristics; yet they are, for the most part, calculated, from their combination of simplicity and seriousness, to stir the heart. The Scotch discover less of deep feeling, while the Irish evince this to a greater extent; their funeral processions being composed of a long retinue of men, women, and even children, clad in their rude yet variedly picturesque garbs; their stopping at cross-roads and muttering of prayers, in their deep, slow, and modulated chant, known as the Irish cry, or *ulula*, strike the beholder as something remarkably imposing and affecting. In "the world of London," it is, of course, far different, where an individual may die without scarcely his next door neighbour being aware of the fact; the usual indication is given by the *mutes*, with their muffled standards at the door. If there is less of real feeling exhibited, there is more of solemn pomp and parade: for instance, a pall is generally borne before the hearse, garnished with nodding plumes, which also deck the hearse itself and the horses, which are always of a jet black; while the mourners are enveloped in sable cloaks, scarfs, and hat-bands.

A writer, some years since, in the *Quarterly Review*, complained that, in the metropolis it had become more difficult to find room for the dead than the living; and in 1819, commissioners were appointed to inquire into the condition of the churchyards of London, most of which were found to be so overstocked as to render any increase of their occupants impracticable, and which subsequently, in 1836, led to the establishment of cemeteries, situated in the suburbs. Kensall Green cemetery is one of the principal of these, which seems to have been modelled closely after that of Pere la Chaise. The cemetery at Stoke Newington acquires peculiar interest, from the circumstance of its having been formed in Abney Park, where Dr. Watts so frequently strolled during his long residence at the hospitable mansion of Sir Thomas Abney. The west of London and Westminster cemetery differs from all the modern burial places around the metropolis. It occupies an area of about 40 acres. The grounds are beautifully laid out in the Italian style: its attendant chapel and monuments and other buildings are very imposing. The enclosure in the neighbourhood of Highgate, is the North London cemetery. Its leading feature is a small abbey-like building, with an octagonal and ornamental dome. Within this edifice the burial service is performed. A beautiful window of painted glass, representing the ascension of our Saviour, adorns its extremity. Column, pyramid, sarcophagus, tomb, vase, and sculptured stone, arrest the eye, while a gigantic mound is seen canopied with a goodly cedar; and the beautiful new Gothic church crowning the brow of the hill, with its heaven-directed spire, peers above the upper verge of this sainted place of graves. Beauty and death appear, in this lovely spot, to have entered into a compact together; for, while the latter delves freely beneath the soil, the former reigns in undisputed possession of its surface. Art has done much, but nature scarcely less to render this place of sepulture complete. Flowers bloom in luxuriant profusion, while the mountain ash, the laburnum, sycamore, acacia, laurel, and rose-tree, all minister to the enchantment of the scene. There is yet another burial place, we might mention, occupying over fifty acres. It is situated between Peckham and the Kent road, and called Nunhead Cemetery of All-Saints. It is, however, far from being yet completed, although, when it shall be, will doubtless exceed most metropolitan cemeteries for its extent, and advantageous and commanding situation. In reviewing such ample preparations for the future victims of the "King of Terrors," the mind is intuitively impressed with the consciousness of our own mortality, coupled with the heart-inspiring hope of that day when the sleeping dead shall be restored, and our disunited atoms once more assume their wonted form and comeliness. Yes,

"God formed them from the dust, and He once more  
Will give them strength and beauty as before  
Though strewn as widely as the desert air,  
As winds can waft them, or the waters bear."

Bunhill Fields burying-ground, once known as the Artillery Grounds, in the City Road, was first leased by the city of London, in 1665, to Dr. Tindall, who converted the grounds into a cemetery for the Dissenters. It is in the vicinity of the celebrated chapel called the Tabernacle of good old Whitfield, the largest in the metropolis, and it contains an almost incalculable number of bodies; some who repose in its hallowed precincts, will always impart to it the most interesting and endearing associations. There, it will be remembered, sleep all that was mortal of John Bunyan, Dr. Watts, Howe, and Bates, with others of scarcely less enduring fame.

But, in conclusion, we must return to notice, briefly, some of our own cemeteries.

The beautiful cemetery of Mount Auburn, occupying about twenty acres, presents the most picturesque alternations of hill and valley, whose labyrinthine shades make it the very beau-ideal of a place of sepulture. Here repose the ashes of many a sainted name; and here, too, may be found many a touching record of departed worth: Spurzheim's monument is the first that greets the eye of the visitor as he enters the enclosure. Laurel Hill cemetery is to Philadelphia what Mount Auburn is to Boston; its natural and artificial beauties bid fair to rival even those of the first named. Godfrey, the inventor of the quadrant, has been brought to this necropolis, and a handsome monument erected over his remains. Commodore Hull also reposes here. Greenwood cemetery, of two hundred acres extent, although comparatively of recent origin, has already become justly celebrated for its excellent arrangement and sequestered beauty: but we must forbear further allusion to these mournfully interesting matters.

In conclusion, it is worth while noting a few of the singularities of custom with regard to mourning for the deceased: in Europe as well as in our own country, black is, of course, considered the appropriate habiliment, as representing the eclipse of life and the darkness of the tomb: but in China white is used, as expressive of the belief that the dead are in heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt again, the colour is yellow, because it represents the decaying of trees and flowers, while blue is sometimes employed in Turkey, to denote the sky as the place of departed spirits, &c. The ancient Scandinavians celebrated the entrance into life with mourning, and the departure out of it with rejoicing; and even in Scotland, the bagpipe and dance were used formerly at the latter; we find it recorded that a piper officiated thus in Perthshire as late as 1736. Equally ingenious and curious have been the expedients employed by individuals to secure a lasting memorial, or to defy the ravages of time, in all ages; from the embalming process of the Egyptians to the modern mode of preventing decomposition by the infusion of arsenic. Many remarkable things might also be cited touching the eccentricities of men at or previous to their decease, respecting their frail tenement.

At Dorking, in Surrey, we remember visiting the spot on the summit of Box-hill, where a certain mad captain of the British army, ordained by his will that he should be buried head downwards, as his conceit was, that the world was crazy or upside down, and when he expected to awake again he thought his position would place him right. At Guy's Hospital, one of its attendant surgeons enjoined it upon his executors to have his body enclosed in a glass coffin, several inches thick, that the students might observe the gradual process of decomposition, and the remains of the so-called prophet Mahomet, it is known, are poised in mid-air, between earth and heaven, suspended by a magnet; many other absurdities might be added, but it is needless; they proclaim no less truly, if not so manifestly, their folly, as did the illiterate sculptor who, having to inscribe the well known admonitory line, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," with great self-complacency, presumed to change the last word to suit his purpose, as descriptive of the day of its inscription, and which he rendered as follows: "*Sic transit gloria Tuesday* (!)" We have presented but a brief outline of our subject, and yet it must suffice, as our limits forbid further proximity; nor are we at liberty to add more than a single reflection deduced from the subject. It is related of the Empress Josephine, that her last words were to the effect, that she never caused a single tear to flow; such a record is of itself a monument more endearing to the human heart than all the magnificence of the costly mausoleum, or the gilded shrine;



and when the fame of the warrior's prowess shall have been forgotten, or the melodious measures of the poet's muse cease to be sung, the simple, silent appeals of modesty, virtue and heaven-born faith, will far out-live them all; it is over such the sweet lines of Bryant apply:

"Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway  
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone:  
And they who near the churchyard's willows stray,  
And listen in the deepening gloom alone,  
May think of gentle souls now passed away  
Like the pure breath into the vast unknown,  
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,  
And gone into the boundless heaven again."

Democratic Review.

## LETTERS FROM HONG KONG AND MACAO.

BY ARCHIBALD R. RIDGWAY, ESQ.

### LETTER XI.

Having now noticed the things that most strike a stranger on his arrival at Whampoa, let us pay a visit to "the City of Rams," as the Chinese call Canton,—in American pronunciation Cant-en, which is, as already mentioned, about twelve or fourteen miles above the anchorage.

We have the choice of two modes of going up the river to it; either in a ship's boat, or in one of the licensed native boats. These latter are called dollar boats, and are very comfortable, being youthful linguists' boats. They consist of a room about six feet square, capable of holding five or six people, and provided with windows, seats, and a small table, and enlivened by gay lanterns, and our old friend joss, in his corner, looking as grim as usual. Behind this room is the kitchen, &c., of the boatmen, one of whom sculls, while the others, five or six in number, and seated, as always in all kinds of house boats, on a platform projecting over the bow, row the boat along to a chorus of many toned groans, when the wind will not permit the use of the sails.

In these boats we can stand up, lie down, read, sleep, and otherwise amuse ourselves; but one great disadvantage connected with the dollar-boats is, that they move desperately slowly against wind and tide. I have been, more than once, no less than six hours on the passage, and, to make matters worse, knew that we should arrive too late for dinner. They are, moreover, required to call at Whampoa for a passport, as they pass that village in going up or down, and a considerable delay is sometimes caused by the absence of the chop-granting mandarin. On one occasion, when we had just tide enough to take us up, I was very much irritated by the coolness of a couple of long-nailed\* fellows at the office, (who were quietly enjoying a game of cards, at ten o'clock in the forenoon), while their chief was, I suppose, solacing himself with a pipe of opium in a private room. There they sat, like many Jacks in office in other parts of the world, caring little or nothing for my impatience, until at last, becoming desperate, I took the cards off the table, an unceremonious proceeding, *par voie de fait*, that astonished them not a little; and as I said they should not have them again until the chop was ready, we were soon again on our way. The charge for a trip up or down in these boats is four dollars, whatever be the number of the passengers. But as in the open and uncovered European boat, we not only have a better view of the country, but save our dollars, all of which we shall need at Canton, we will go up in one of them, particularly as we have a much greater certainty of a quick passage,—the usual time occupied by a boat rowed with our hands being an hour and three quarters with, and two hours and a half against, tide. But the tides in this river are very irregular; I have often seen them run in the same direction for forty-eight or more hours, and sometimes with great velocity, and to a considerable height. Now, however, we start as the ship swings with the flood tide; and, of the two streams permitted to foreign boats, we take the one on the east side of Whampoa, intending, for the sake of variety, to return by the other on the western side. The distance is about the same by each.

The little fishing-boats have just commenced throwing their nets, as passing orange-groves on our left, and Junk and Sandy islands on our right hand, away we sail up the fine broad stream, with wind and tide in our favour. The banks of the river are low, and planted with liches and plantains, but our attention is drawn, on the one side, by the towering pagoda, shining with almost dazzling brightness in the rays of the morning sun, and on the other by an exceedingly pretty village, situated on a low, wooded hill, near the water. Huge, lumbering junks, some at anchor, waiting for change of wind or tide, some moving quickly up, pressed on by the "keel compelling breeze" and flowing tide; large Chinese passage lorches, filled with gaping and grinning crowds of country cousins, returning to their homes from a visit to town; cargo boats, creeping down close to the banks, in order to avoid the force of the tide, and numberless small boats and canoes pass, or are passed by us, until half the distance is already left behind, and we are arrived at the upper end of Whampoa, where an immense dam, with openings here and there for the passage of junks, is stretched across the stream.

This dam, which nobody can see without regretting that there should be such an obstruction in this fine river, was made by the Chinese at the end of 1841, when they also staked and threw many thousands of tons of stone into all the other branches of the river by which the British ships of war could approach Canton. The stream, however, indignant at this insult, has asserted its dignity, by showing how vain are all human efforts to injure its utility, and is rapidly forming a new channel between the end of the dam and Whampoa, by undermining and washing away large portions of soil. A tolerably broad passage is already thus formed, through which the boat is whirled with great velocity, and as we are hurried by the point we see a Chinaman sitting on a half buried cannon, and quietly fishing with a rod and line.

We are now in a large expanse of water, lying between Whampoa and Upper Junk Island, which latter island is about a quarter or half a mile above Whampoa, and divides the river again into two streams, that reunite before we reach the city. This sheet of water is commanded by two large and powerful new batteries, that are (in April, 1843), in a forward state to completion, and are placed, one on the south bank, two on the north bank of the river, and the fourth on Junk Island. They are different from any forts I have ever seen in other parts of the world, for the openings for the cannon are made more like the gun ports of a man-of-war than the embrasures of a land battery, as they are covered above with masonry, and provided with large shutters, on which are painted tigers' heads, &c., typical of the bravery and ferocity of the gallant defenders. There was a report that some foreigners, dressed in native costume, had assisted the Chinese in the construction of these forts, which evince, I am told, far more skill than is usually displayed by the Celestials themselves.

\* Long nails are considered by the Chinese to be a mark of gentility, as indubitably proving that the hands on which they grow are totally unused to labour, and we sometimes see them two, three, or four inches long.

Our attention is called away from the batteries by two small fruit-boats, that are generally cruising about here, and are "manned," each by two good-humoured, fat-faced young Chinawomen, who lay hold of our boat and endeavour, with all the seductive fascinations in their power, to induce us to buy some oranges. By this time we are abreast of the half-way pagoda, that stands about a quarter of a mile above the fort on the south bank, and is remarkable for its summit being crowned with shrubs that grow in the upper story, and also for a lofty staff, inclined very much to one side, having been knocked from its perpendicular, according to sailors, by the devil flying against it one dark night.

The river now begins to show that we are approaching a great commercial capital;—a number of junks are anchored here, and as each new arrival comes up with the flowing tide, they salute her by the striking of the drums and the clashing of gongs, which is returned by her, so that a deafening din is kept up. On our right hand is a custom-house, with two or three small mandarin-boats lying fastened to the steps that lead down to the water. Here dollar-boats exhibit their passports, but we go on merrily without stopping.

The attention now becomes fully awakened; crowds of boats are moving about in all directions, up, down, and across the stream, and no little care is required to avoid running against some of them. Far away in the distance, above the low land and houses, we see the American flag flying, and push on with redoubled vigour, for we know that it marks the situation of the factories. The houses, low, mean, miserable looking buildings, thicken on the banks, and glimpses of the city wall are now and then caught. The heights behind the town, the forts and citadel, recall to our mind the 27th of May, 1841, when they were occupied by our troops; lofty pagodas lift their proud summits high above the city from which they would ward off misfortune. On our left is the royal dockyard, on our right the anchorage of the immense white junks of Siam; tier upon tier of the long, narrow canal boats that bring the tea from the interior, lie closely wedged together; the gaily painted and plaything-like admirals' or flag junk, with her cannon all of different sizes and calibre, is hailed by a smothered laugh from the sailors; rows of floating houses form regular and handsome streets stretching from the banks into the middle of the stream, and leaving but a narrow space in its centre for the passage of boats, &c., thousands of which are continually passing to and fro. We go between two sampans, nearly upsetting one of them. A knowledge of the language is not required for the understanding that the Chinaman is heartily cursing us, and I may mention that the Chinese are very foul-mouthed.

Now a small island, strongly fortified, and with several large trees growing inside the walls, is right before us, and its name reminds us of the attempt of that enterprising people, the Dutch, to establish themselves in it; but Dutch Folly remains the monument only of their unsuccess, as French Folly, another small fortified island, that we have shortly before passed, does of a similar failure of the Frenchmen. And now the streets of boat-houses thicken and thicken; we keep clear of a shelf of rocks just beyond Dutch Folly,—a part of it above water, and occupied by a busy group of Chinese engaged in washing. It was here that the steamer Atalanta grounded, as a punishment, according to the Chinese, for a ball fired by her having broken the image of one of their gods. The confusion increases; though numerous gaudy and bannered mandarin boats are moving rapidly about to check all disorder.

What a scene! for the Chinese are celebrating their new year, which is the greatest festival held by any person on the face of the earth, and all business is at an entire stand-still; none dare employ themselves without being subject to punishment, and this is the second day of the holidays, and flags are flying, crackers are exploding on every side. Still on we go, almost overwhelmed with the noise, the bustle, and the strangeness of the many thousands who are all giving themselves up to unrestrained merriment and enjoyment. See—there are the factories, which have been, until now, concealed by the crowds of junks and floating-houses; and the white stuccoed fronts of the long row of European buildings, contrast strongly with the low dark mass of the Chinese city. Leaving the mid-channel, we steer into a street of boats, and at length are arrived at the company's stairs, utterly exhausted with excitement.

And here let us pause, and for a moment look back on the scene through which we have passed. The city itself, as seen from the river, is always wretched, all the houses being exceedingly mean and dirty; but many of the streets of boat-houses are very handsome, and some of the house fronts are beautifully carved, and richly ornamented and painted. Any idea formed by a person who has not witnessed it must fall far short of the reality presented by the immense number of these streets, together with the thousands of canal-boats, junks, sampans, &c., that cover the waters of the river at Canton. Eighty-four thousand families live continually on it, and every boat is numbered and registered by officers appointed for that purpose. What a different scene must there have been when the British forces went up, and not a single boat was to be found; they had all fled higher up the river.

Before leaving our boat we give the sailors particular instructions to take care of the arms in her; for during the whole time I was in China the inhabitants of the factories were in continual expectation of some farther outbreak of the populace; rumours constantly flew about that the Chinese were determined to burn Mr. Morrison's or Mr. Thom's house, and, if they once began, there was no knowing where they would stop. A gentleman one day said to me, "We go to bed every night with the prospect of awaking in the morning with our throats cut." Under such circumstances boats used generally to take up some arms in case of accident, although nothing ever occurred requiring them.

Stepping on shore, we find ourselves in the small planted space before the two factories burnt in December. The flag-staffs are broken and charred, and as we look on them we recollect that the mob kindled the first fire around them—a significant proof of their dislike to the nation whose banners waved from their summits; the ruins of the old clock-tower look mournfully down on the blackened heaps of stones that once formed the finest buildings of all the factories. We pass out through a small gate, kept shut by a person stationed there to exclude the curious mobility, and stepping across a narrow lane, rejoicing in the euphonious appellation of Hog-lane, that separates the burned factories from the main pile of buildings, are immediately surrounded by a crowd of Chinamen, the greater number of whom are from the interior of the country, and, being in Canton, have taken the opportunity afforded them by the holidays to make an excursion to the factories, in order to gratify their curiosity by a sight of a Fanqui. While we are waiting a minute or two for one of the sailors who follows us with our boat-cloaks, it is amusing to see a grave citizen pointing out to the open-mouthed rustic the peculiarities about us, as a showman exhibits a wild beast at a country fair; but the butt-end of a pistol sticking out of the breast-pocket of our coat, tempers their curiosity with a little fear; the wild beast has fangs, and they stand back a little.

A smiling, amiable-looking, and respectably dressed Chinaman now addresses us, and hazarding a guess, says, "How you do!—my think long teem no



see you—what your name?" And then having listened to your answer, with the most lively interest depicted on his countenance, produces a card, and proceeds to the cream of the matter. "Ah, Miss White, how you do; suppose you wanshee any thing, ivory car case, silk-handkerchief, my can secure you number one chop." We discourse most sweet music to Luenching, in assuring him that we shall by and by pay him a visit at No. 4, New China-street, and transact a little "pidgin."

Having finished a substantial tiffin, we sally forth on a shopping expedition. The streets most particularly, indeed we may say entirely, devoted to trade with foreigners, are the two China-streets and Hog-lane, which run between the factories. In the China-streets, all the curiosities, for which China is so famous, are to be procured; the euphonious Hog-lane, in accordance with its name, supplies the useful rather than the ornamental, and is much frequented by Jack in his search for shirts, trousers, shoes, samshoo, and other et ceteras. Besides these two other streets: the one is named Carpenter's-square, and is about a quarter of a mile from the factories, and derives its name from containing the shops where Europeans buy trunks, desks, and other pieces of Chinese made furniture, more in remembrance of their visit to the flowery land for any cheapness or excellence in the purchased articles, excepting, perhaps, the trunks, which are much and deservedly esteemed. Still further away from the factories is Curiosity-street, containing, among other shops with which we have nothing to do, three in which are collected the most out of the way things that can be imagined: they are, in fact, regular virtuoso shops.

But we will now take these streets in detail. On our way to Old and New China-streets, we pass the mat huts erected for the Chinese who guard the factories, for when the British merchants applied to Sir Henry Pottinger, after the December riot, for a party of English soldiers to be quartered in the factories, Sir Henry refused to grant their request, as he had been again assured by the Chinese authorities that they would be responsible for the safety of the foreigners at Canton; and in order to redeem their pledge, they have placed this guard at the gate of the factories. The circular shields of these heroes are painted with representations of tigers' heads, and are hung on each side of the doorways outside their huts, in *terror*; for the Chinese soldiers would in general seem to reason something in this way: "If I can manage to frighten my enemy, he will run away, and then all is right, and I deserve a medal; but if he won't run, why—I must." The matchlocks, spears, axes, &c., are ranged along the walls inside, but need no description from me, for if any body feels peculiarly anxious to see what kind of things they are, I would advise him to go to Queen Elizabeth's gallery in the Tower of London, and to pick out the longest and queerest-looking ancient arms he can find, and he will then see something very like the Chinese.

The Chinamen do not at all yet understand the flint much less the percussion lock; an instance of which was given when a company of sepoys lost their way one afternoon near Canton, and were surrounded by three or four thousand natives, whom, I may remark, they kept for some hours at bay, until they were rescued by their comrades, although the Celestials might, of course, had they possessed the slightest determination, have cut them to pieces in a moment, for the rain had damped their ammunition. One fellow picked up a musket that had been dropped by a wounded sepoy, and stepping behind a tree, opened the pan, took deliberate aim, *applied his match to the powder*, and wounded one of the officers of the company. They will not, however, remain long in this ignorance, which causes them some damage, as the match occasionally kindles the powder that they carry in a cotton-belt round their waists, and the explosion blows them up.

There are two great classes of soldiery in China, the Tartar and the Chinese. The Tartar is by far the more warlike, and has always shown courage when engaged with our troops. Deadly feuds take place between the two, and one ran very high in Canton, while the British troops were on the heights, and were preparing to open a cannonade on the city. It is said that their animosity was carried so far, that they absolutely ate part of each other's dead bodies.

Leaving these gentlemen with their wide breeks, short jackets, tight gaiters, gaudy banners, &c., to watch over the Fanqui, we see, ranged along the dead wall of a factory (No. 10) that projects a few yards before those we have left, a row of stools, on which are seated sundry grave-looking Chinamen, waiting their turn to be shaved by a barber, who takes each head in succession. These barbers are very numerous in China, amounting to no less than seven thousand three hundred in Canton alone; and it is no great wonder that there should be so many of them, as every Chinaman is obliged to have his head shaved—in token of subjection, by the way. The barbers are required to provide themselves with licences, *alias* to pay a small fee for liberty to exercise their profession. They use a heavy, hatchet-shaped razor,—that is a rather dangerous mass of iron to have on one's head during a thunderstorm. It is said to be a fact, that a grandson of Howqua was killed by lightning, two or three years ago, while under his barber's hands! Respectable people get their heads shaved every morning, but the lower orders allow them to remain unshorn for many days together, until the bristles are half an inch or more long. The funniest thing, however, connected with the hair is, when the Chinaman takes it into his head to add some more hair to his tail: the hairs, until they are long enough to be plaited into the tail, form a thin crown of glory round the head, that is one of the most ridiculous looking things I ever saw. The Chinamen are very proud of their tails, and, when at work, twist them round their heads or necks; and a very favourite mode of punishment used by the English was to cut them off, when the poor curtailed Celestial went away as disconsolate as Reynard in the fable.

"But when shall we get to China-street?" says the reader. We are already there, and are joined by Luenching, who has been on the watch for us, lest we should have fallen into the hands of some of his brethren, also anxious to do a little pidgin. Both China-streets are about ten or twelve feet broad, and well flagged; the houses are one-storied, and the shops exceedingly neat, altogether reminding us very much of the London and Parisian arcades. The first time I visited Canton, every shop was closed in honour of the new year; we were, however, admitted, and the door closed after us, and we found all the males in the house, both young and old, busily engaged in eating sweetmeats, &c., in a small room behind the shop; nor was joss forgotten; a large plateful of oranges, and several lighted, vermillion coloured tapers, were placed before him.

When one sees the beautifully carved ivory work, the chessmen, the fans, the japanned ware, the silks, the grass-cloth, the filigree work, the porcelain, and the other elegant things that are heaped up in these shops, he wishes he had more money to spend, and thanks his stars that he only brought a certain sum; for if a stranger leave Canton with any of the money he brought up with him, he most certainly deserves a medal. One of the shop-keepers in Old China-street is so excessively ceremonious, that foreigners often visit him for the fun of the thing.

The Chinese have a prejudice in favour of the old pillared Spanish dollar, although it is of really less value than the Mexican and other republican dollars, which they will not take unless they see no hopes of getting the Spaniard. Every man stamps each dollar, as he receives it, with his name; so that after it has been a short time in circulation, it is completely defaced and flattened out, and also loses much of its weight, which is a great bore, as the shopkeepers have neat steel yards or ivory yards, to weigh all they take. The Chinese shopkeepers will generally take rather less than half of what they ask, and calculate with much rapidity, on an abacus, which is found on every counter. The moment a Chinaman touches his abacus, we may get out our money, for he has already decided upon accepting our price. Whenever we buy articles to the amount of a few dollars, we "squeeze" a *cumshaw* out of the worthy tradesman,—the *cumshaw* being in general a walking-cane, case of chop-sticks, or some such trifle.

Running across the ends of and at a right angle to China-streets is a long, narrow street, not more than two feet and a half wide, but which is, nevertheless, a very great thoroughfare, the bustle and throng in it are tremendous; crowds of loaded porters, sedan chairs, and passengers are hurrying along, and leave little room for loitering; yet it is impossible to avoid noticing how clean and well-arranged all the shops are. Continuing along this street, and passing the end of Hog-lane—one side of which is formed by the dead wall of the burnt factories—we ascend and descend the steps of a small bridge, and turning to the left, are soon in Carpenter's-square, which, however, does not require any notice. The carpenters' and joiners' shops are like carpenters' and joiners' shops all the world over—the saw, which is set at nearly a right angle to its frame, being perhaps the strangest thing in the Chinese shop, the Chinaman himself of course excepted.

We retrace our steps for some distance, and enter a street running at a right angle from the great (or small) thoroughfare, nearly opposite China-street; and crossing two or three other streets, we at length arrive in Apothecaries'-street—so named from its consisting entirely of doctors' shops; and this leads us directly to Curiosity-street. The moment we enter one of the virtuoso shops, a crowd collects round it, in whose face the door is immediately shut by the shopmen. The shops are more extensive than we have yet seen, and consist of two or three houses each; and from one to another of these detached buildings we pass through small open courts. Among the old coins, rings, and antiques of all kinds, there are four things that peculiarly attract us; the first, is the large slabs of stone, naturally marked with veins and spots so as to resemble landscapes, and much prized by the Chinese; the second, is the beautifully embossed lacquered ware of Japan, which is of the richest appearance, and alas! excessively dear; the third, is the bronze vessels, made in imitation of knotted trunks of trees, and displaying considerable taste; and the fourth, is the porcelain vessels on which figures become visible when fluids are poured into them, and to which Fadladeen likened the poetry of Feramorz. Once, and once only, was I fortunate enough to see one of them, for the art is now lost, although the Chinese are continually endeavouring to re-discover it. After a long stay here, and purchasing a few articles that come within the meagre limits of our purses, we set out on our return to the factories, highly gratified with all we have seen, and with the polite and agreeable manners of the Chinese shopkeepers.

As we are sauntering quietly back, we observe that this part of the town is thoroughly Chinese, and that we have lost all connexion with Europe, or with the Europeo-Chinese of Macao, or China streets; and since I left England, I never felt so totally separated from home, as I did when wandering along these narrow winding streets. The long, white sign-boards are placed perpendicularly at the sides of the shop-doors, for the Chinese characters are written one under the other, and are inscribed, I have been told by those who can read them, with the owner's name and business, and also frequently with sundry pithy and sage sentences. The shops, each of which is devoted to one peculiar branch of trade, are exceedingly clean, and indeed often elegant, but small, and, as I have already said, much resembling the shops in our arcades.

At both ends of the streets are gates that are closed every night. There are a great many miserable beggars in the streets, and we often see them standing inside the shops, banging away at small gongs, or clattering pieces of bamboo, as an accompaniment to their dismal voices. This is not, as we might perhaps imagine, a religious ceremony, but a trial of the shopkeeper's patience, for the beggars are entitled to something from each person, and the shopman, knowing that as soon as one beggar moves on another will take his place, stands the dim as long as he can, before he throws them the cash, on receiving which he must go away. Thus the beggars can always procure the means of subsistence while they have strength enough to move about the streets; but when ill health or age cripples them, they lay themselves down in the open spaces before the temples, with no other covering than a piece of old matting, and, unregarded and unrelieved by any of the many passers by, wait until death shall relieve them from their misery.

On returning into the principal thoroughfare, we proceed along it to the westward for some distance, utterly astonished at the mass of people crowded in it, and wondering how upon earth the bearers of the sedan-chairs, and the porters, manage to get along as fast as they do, keeping up a continual cry of warning, and not knocking off people's hats, as I have often seen done by their brethren in London. The narrowness of the street, too, is rendered even still more confined by the stalls of pedlars ranged in great numbers along the walls. But the day is coming to its close; we turn back and re-enter China-street through a small fish-market, and find ourselves once more among European sign-boards, and are soon seated at dinner.

The dessert consists of oranges, walnuts, chesnuts, pears, &c., all of which I have remarked exposed for sale in the fruiterers' shops; but one kind of orange deserves particular mention, for I have never seen it excepting at Canton; it is called the high mandarin orange, and its skin is very deep coloured, like the skin of a Seville orange, and so loose that on tearing it open the orange falls out. The flavour of this orange is far more like the flavour of a grape than that of a common orange, and is very delicious. I never visited Canton without buying a large basket of them. I have, however, with all my fondness for the fruit, never had courage to taste any of the roasted oranges that I have often seen cooking in the streets of Canton. The walnuts, chesnuts, and pears, are brought from the northern provinces, if my information be correct. A large rhinoceros horn, having its rim bound with silver, is handed round the table, as a specimen of a drinking-cup much esteemed and sought for by the Chinese.

After coffee and a game at cards, we go up to the flat roof of the house, to see the unannounced comet. Its head is near the horizon, but its tail stretches for many degrees across the heavens, and has caused a great deal of uneasiness to the Chinamen, who, like our forefathers, associate misfortune with the appearance of comets, and pay no slight attention to all signs and wonders in the



sky. The governor of Canton was, when I arrived in China, in mourning for an eclipse of the emperor's sister, the moon.

Such is the extent of my personal experience of Canton, and very limited it is, for although I made at least a dozen visits to it, yet my stay never exceeded a few hours at a time; so that I was not even able to visit the temple of Honan on the south side of the river, nearly opposite the factories, and one of the great lions of foreigners, as containing a monastery of priests; nor can I describe the streets inhabited by private gentlemen, where nothing is to be seen but the dead walls surrounding the houses, as in the quarter of St. Germain at Paris; nor speak of the wretched and miserable hovels on the outskirts of the suburbs.

On two occasions I have seen the dead bodies of infants floating about among the boats; for infanticide, although strongly disapproved of by the authorities, as may be seen by the edicts in which they exhort people to discontinue the practice, is yet not regarded as a punishable crime by the law of the empire, which does not consider the taking away life, before the being can understand what life is, as murder. Female children are those usually destroyed, but as in things relating to China there is a great diversity of opinion as to the extent to which infanticide is carried. Some persons say that it is very general, and acknowledged by the perpetrators without any shame; others again declare that none but the lowest, most degraded, and poverty-stricken, have recourse to it, and that they are regarded with detestation by every body. This difference may arise from real difference in the state of public opinion in various parts of this mighty empire, according to the greater or less population and means of obtaining food; but one thing is certain, that considerable numbers of children are annually exposed, some few being saved and placed in foundling hospitals; while the dead bodies of those that perish are collected and thrown into pits by officers appointed for that purpose.

#### LETTER XII.

The state of foreign society in Macao and Canton has always been very peculiar. Every foreigner who wished for an establishment in these places, was required to first provide himself with a comprador, that is, a man licensed by the Chinese authorities to act as head-servant. These compradores are in general very respectable men in their class of life, and take on themselves all responsibility in hiring the inferior servants, buying provisions, and other arrangements, according to the wishes of their masters, and are also answerable for anything that is lost. After living some years with a person, the comprador becomes a most fatherly man, and takes a most lively interest in all that goes on in the house, and would seem to consider it an especial part of his duty to testify a more than parental care to visitors, and to welcome old friends. The comprador of the gentlemen whose kind hospitality I enjoyed for some time at Macao, was a most excellent specimen of these worthies, and was well known to all residents in China for his numerous good qualities.

The Chinese have, several times during the last few years, availed themselves of the dependence of foreigners on celestial servants, to cause them serious inconvenience and annoyance, by commanding all the servants to leave their employ; as in March, 1839, when the foreigners were imprisoned for some weeks in the factories at Canton, and were obliged to minister to themselves in cooking, bed-making, &c.

Besides the other servants, there is always a watchman kept to guard the house from his brethren, the thieves, and who testifies his watchfulness by beating two pieces of bamboo against each other every two or three minutes during the night, the effect of which operation is, until one becomes accustomed to it, rather to cause a person to imitate the wakefulness of the worthy guardian of the night, than to lull him into gentle slumbers.

In the houses of married foreigners there are native women servants to attend on the children, but there is also, in general, indeed always, an European or American nursery-maid in every family.

No woman, foreign or native, was, until the treaty of peace, permitted to enter the factories at Canton, and the society there was composed entirely of men engaged in commercial pursuits, and who were most certainly often rather "hard up" for amusements. Card-playing, cigar smoking, and beer drinking, were the standard *passé temps*. Besides these, some persons kept wherries, in which they used to row about the river, and "cock-fighting" was in general esteem. Cock-fighting has, however, a peculiar signification in China, and the person who imagines that the residents at Canton procured fine Malay game-cocks, and amused themselves in witnessing the fierce combats of those courageous birds, will be in error. The men transform themselves into cocks, *pro tem.*, as boys do at school; they first tie their wrists together, and then embracing their knees, regularly truss themselves, by passing a stick between their arms and legs. When thus prepared for action, the two cocks are placed opposite to one another on the floor, and the contest begins; whoever succeeds in insinuating the point of his shoe under the foot of his adversary, upsets him, and is declared the victor in the *gallic warfare*.

At Macao there is some improvement on this mode of life, as ladies form part of the society there; but, as in small communities, English country towns for example, they have caused the formation of several cliques, and have not added much to the unanimity of the male residents. The bachelors, however, with the exception of an occasional dinner party, live pretty nearly in the same way as they do in the provincial city, with the additional amusements of boat-sailing, walking, riding, horse-races once a-year, and a housekeeper. But the routine of society was very much disarranged at the time I visited China, for people were in expectation of soon removing over to Hong Kong, and no balls were given that winter. The foreigners and Portuguese do not mingle together in society, with the exception of some young men, who are now and then attracted to the Portuguese balls by the bright eyes of some of Lusitania's daughters. The members of the foreign society are continually changing. Out of a list of 139 names of foreigners resident in China in the year 1832, there were but twenty found in a list of 1842, amounting to 230. By far the greater proportion of residents are British subjects and Americans.\*

There are several benevolent societies in China, at being forced to subscribe to which the young men grumble not a little. The Morrison Education and Useful Knowledge Societies, the Medical, Missionary Hospitals, &c., are well known in England; but their success has been small, with the exception of the Medical Missionary Hospitals, to which patients flock in great numbers. Whether the medical missionaries will succeed in their main design, that of conversion, is very questionable; a good deal of jealousy exists between the medical and clerical missionaries, or, I should rather say, that the latter do not quite approve of any interference in what they consider their own peculiar department.

Before leaving England, I thought a Protestant missionary's life very different from what it really is; in China, at all events, I had associated a great amount of hardship with it; the missionaries, on the contrary, are very comfort-

able, and well off, and never put themselves to any inconvenience they can possibly avoid. No one can deny that they have done great service in giving us much information regarding the language of China, but the Protestant missionaries cannot now show one single convert. There was one indeed who had been baptized by an American missionary at Hong Kong. He was a poor creature, and had to choose between starvation and apostacy, and chose the latter. The missionary was very proud of his first fruit, and published an account of his conversion, and said to him, "You are now a Christian and an honest man, I will make you my comprador, and you shall have charge of all my property." The Chinaman was accordingly installed, but in two or three days' time he was not to be found, neither were the silver spoons with sundry other valuables. "Oh, he will come back," said the missionary. An old celestial, who was standing by, quietly took his pipe out of his mouth, and oracularly responded, "My can secure, he no come back;" nor did he.

The Protestant missionary comes out to China, remains at Hong Kong or Macao translating and printing books and tracts, and occasionally makes a trip along the coast in an opium vessel. Both cargoes, that of tracts, and that of opium, are got rid of together; and the missionary returns home, at the end of a two or three months' pleasant cruise, rejoicing that he had dispersed some thousands of tracts, and convinced, from the eagerness with which the Chinese received the books, that they will become Christians immediately on reading them. He then sits down to translate some more, while his wife, if she can spare the time from her duties to her own children, teaches half-a-dozen Chinese boys, who afterwards go off and become linguists. The missionary, next year, makes another trip along the coast, or becomes interpreter to, or follows the footsteps of, a victorious army, overrunning the country he wishes to convert,—because their emperor would not allow the health and morals of his subjects to be destroyed! This is plain language, yet I challenge any of the most eloquent speakers on the platform of the great room in Exeter Hall to deny one word of what I have written. Very different is the conduct of Roman Catholic missionaries, of whom no less than eighty have been sent out during the last ten years, and every one of them is in the interior of the empire, where they keep up the spirit of religion among the Chinese Catholics, who number many thousands. A woman, who came as a patient to the Medical Missionary Hospital in Canton, was discovered to be a Roman Catholic, by her calling on the Lord Jesus during an operation she was undergoing, and she said, on being questioned, that there were a great many people of the same religion in the part of the country where she lived.

And now for home! Reader, have you ever left your native country and wandered for months in distant lands? If so, I need not tell you what were my feelings when I stood on the poop of the ship, as her anchor was weighed, to the merry song of "Homeward bound, boys." Reader, if you have not experienced this delightful sensation, which causes the heart to swell almost to suffocation, you probably recollect the joy of breaking up for the Christmas holidays; and, if so, again I need not tell you the delights of "Homeward Bound!"

The anchor was soon up, and the vessel glided among the shipping down to the first bar, at a short distance above which she re-anchored, to wait for the pilot, who would come on the following morning. On the next day, shortly before we sailed, down came Jimmy Appo to give us his cumshaws, which consisted of several large boxes of dates, lichis, preserved oranges, and ginger. After he had delivered his presents he shook hands with us and got into his boat, and rowing a few yards away from the ship, stood up and lighted several large bundles of crackers, whose long continued and loud noise testified the sincerity with which he chin-chinned us "bon voyage."

Two days are spent at Macao, to settle all matters with the merchants to whom the ship was consigned, and early on the third morning we embark; the anchor is hove up, the white sails set, and away we go with a fine rattling breeze, and soon leave Macao, with its cloud-capped mountain behind us. One small island after another comes in sight, and before us is the Ladrone Group.

And now permit me to make one more remark before I take my final leave of China. Though a very great change has been commenced in China by the late war, this change will be long in working, and not without further struggles on her part to resist it. It is my opinion, although contrary to that of most people with whom I have conversed, there will be, ere long, another war with this extensive empire. The people do not like us, the emperor does not like us. China is humbled for a time, but she will recover her courage and seek for revenge; for she knows not her own weakness, nor our strength. Those even who witnessed the destructive progress of the British up the Pearl river—who saw the mandarins compelled to ransom the provincial city by the payment of a large sum of money—still consider themselves invincible. The Chinamen do not know our power. They imagine that we have turned our whole force against them, and that we have nearly exhausted all our resources. The following extract from a manifesto published in 1842, by the inhabitants of the twenty-six districts of Tinghai, will show this:—"Besides, their little country has been already well nigh exhausted by the length of the contest; they have no resources to make up for losses, so that even without exterminating them, they must ere long die off of themselves. Lately there was a ship added to their number, but she is a French ship, which the English have invited to assist them, by which we may see that their strength is at a low ebb, and their ability not equal to the task they have undertaken." When, therefore, the Chinese conceive that they are able to cope with us, they will renew the struggle, and be again conquered.

But the peak of the Great Ladrone Island is a mere speck on the horizon, and the last point of the central sunny and flowery land fades from our view, and I conclude my *et ceteras* from Hong Kong, Macao, and the Canton river,—fully rewarded if the patient reader, who has condescended to accompany me thus far, has derived from these pages one tithe of the gratification I have experienced in writing them.

#### AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

We have just received the following from an esteemed correspondent, who transcribes it verbatim from the familiar letter of a friend. If we have a solitary reader who can peruse it without emotion, let him confine his indifference within his own cold bosom:

"I have just returned from the funeral of poor EMMA G—, a little girl to whom I had been for years most tenderly attached. As there was something very touching in the circumstances connected with her death, I will relate them to you. She was the daughter of a widow, a near neighbour of mine. When I first knew her, she was a sprightly child of about four years of age, perfect in form and feature. The bloom of health was on her cheek; her eye was the brightest I ever saw; while in her bosom there glowed a generous affection that seemed to embrace all with whom she came in contact. But when she reached her seventh year, her health began to decline. The rose suddenly paled on

\* In the list of 1837 there were 279 names, of whom 158 were British, 62 Parsees, 44 Americans, 4 Indian, 3 Dutch, 2 Swiss, 2 Prussian, 2 German, 1 Danish, and 1 French.



her cheek, and her eye had acquired prematurely that sad, thoughtful expression which gives so melancholy a charm to the features of wasting beauty. Her mother looked on with an anxious heart, and at an utter loss to account for so sudden a change in her health. But soon a new source of anxiety appeared. While dressing her one day, she observed on Emma's back, just between the shoulders, a small swelling, of about the size of a walnut. As she watched this spot, and observed that it grew larger from day to day, the mother began to have sad misgivings. These however she kept to herself for a time. Soon afterward, a slight stoop in her gait became visible. The family physician was now called in, and the worst forebodings of the mother were confirmed. Her idolized child was fast becoming a hump-back!

"I will not attempt to describe the feelings of the mother, who was thus doomed to witness from day to day the slow growth of that which was to make one so dear to her a cripple and a dwarf. Suffice it to say, her love as well as care seemed to be redoubled, and Emma became more than ever the child of her affections. Nor did her little companions neglect her when she could no longer join in their out-door sports, and her own sprightly step had given place to a slow, stooping-gait, and the sweet ringing voice to a sad or querulous tone, that sometimes made the very heart ache. On the contrary, all vied with each other in administering to her amusements. Among them, none clung to her with more assiduity than her brother WILLIAM, who was the nearest to her own age. He gave up all his own out-door play, in order to be with her, and seemed never so happy as when he could draw a smile, sad though it was, from her thoughtful features. But after a while, Emma grew wayward under her affliction; and unfortunately, though generally good-natured, William had a quick temper, to check which required more self-command than commonly falls to one so young. Sometimes, therefore, when he found plan after plan, which he had projected for her amusement, rejected with peevish contempt, he could hardly conceal from her his own wounded feelings. Yet, though at times apparently ungrateful, Emma was perhaps not so in fact; and she loved her brother better than any one else, save her mother. It was only in moments when her too sensitive nature had been chafed perhaps by her own reflections—for like the majority of children in her circumstances, she was thoughtful beyond her years—that her conduct seemed unkind. And then, when she marked the clouded expression of her brother's face, she would ask forgiveness in so meek a spirit, and kiss his cheek so affectionately, that he forgave her almost as soon as offended.

"Years thus passed on, when one day, after she had been more than usually perverse and fretful, William, who had been reading to her, on receiving some slight rebuff, started sudden from his seat by her side, called her 'a little hunch-back,' and left the room. In a moment, however, his passion subsided, and returning, he found his sister in tears. He attempted to put his arm around her neck, but she repulsed him, and slipping away, retired to her own chamber. Her mother soon after learned what had happened, and going to Emma, found her upon the bed in a paroxysm of grief. She endeavored to soothe her feelings, but in vain; she refused to be comforted. 'I want to die, mother,' she replied to all her endearments! 'I have long felt that I was a burden to you all.' She cried herself to sleep that night, and on the morrow was too ill to rise. The doctor was called in, and warned the mother against an approaching fever. For three days she remained in an uncertain state; but on the fourth, the fever came in earnest, and thenceforth she was confined to her pillow.

"In the mean time, the grief of William had been more poignant even than that of his sister. Thrice he had been to her bedside to ask her forgiveness, and kiss once more her pallid cheek; but she turned her face resolutely away, and refused to recognize him. After these repulses he would slowly leave the room, and going to his chamber, sit brooding for hours over the melancholy consequences of his rashness. Owing to the previous enfeebled health of Emma, the fever made rapid progress, and it soon became apparent that she must die. William, in consequence of the violent aversion of his sister, had latterly been denied admittance to the chamber, though he lingered all day about the door, eagerly catching the least word in regard to her state, and apparently unmindful of all other existence.

"One morning there was evidently a crisis approaching; for the mother and attendants, hurrying softly in and out the sufferer's chamber, in quick whispered words gave orders or imparted intelligence to others. William saw it all, and with the quick instinct of affection, seemed to know what it foreboded. Taking his little stool, therefore, he sat down beside the chamber-door, and waited in silence. In the mean time, the mother stood over the dying child, watching while a short unquiet slumber held her back for a little while longer. Several times a sweet smile trembled round the sufferer's lips, and her arms moved as if pressing something to her bosom. Then she awoke, and fixing her eyes upon her mother, whispered faintly, 'I thought William was here.' A stifled sob was heard at the door, which stood partly open. Mrs. G— stepped softly out, and leading William to the bed-side, pointed to his dying sister. He threw himself upon her bosom, and pressing his lips to her pale cheek, prayed for forgiveness. Emma did not heed him; but looking again in her mother's face, and pointing upward, said softly: 'I shant be so there!—shall I, mother!'

"No, my poor child!" replied the weeping parent; 'I hope not. But don't talk so, Emma. Forgive your poor brother, or you'll break his heart.'

Emma tried to gasp something; but whatever it was, whether of love or hate, it never reached a mortal ear. In a few moments she was no more."

Knickerbocker.

### SUSAN OLIPHANT.

A TRUE TALE.

At one end of a village near the celebrated Falls of the Clyde, and close on the river's brink, was situated, some years ago, a neat cottage. It could not, from its size, be the villa of a gentleman, yet it wore a superior look to the dwellings in its neighbourhood. Surrounded by a garden and orchard, the exterior of this cottage-dwelling spoke of modest plenty and humble contentment; nor did its interior disappoint the opinion formed of it. Its inmates were a man, now descending into the vale of years, yet still hail and vigorous; his wife, past middle age; and a lovely girl, their only child. James Oliphant was by profession a gardener; but though his fruit trees yielded abundantly, and his flowers and vegetables were the finest in the neighbourhood; though his wife's dairy was the neatest, and her cream and butter the sweetest, yet could not their apparent means of livelihood account for many of the comforts, and even luxuries, which were to be found in their cottage; and, indeed, there is no reason for concealing the fact, so much to Oliphant's credit, that having been gardener for many years to an English nobleman, the latter, at his death, left him an annuity which, though small, being husbanded with frugality, and seconded by industry, went a great way. James's wife was an Englishwoman, and this will account for the air of order, cleanliness, and comfort in and around their little abode. Mrs Oliphant was somewhat arbitrary, and very re-

served. She liked to rule, without giving reasons for her conduct; yet she ruled so well, and was so active and attentive to all her duties, that she merited neither unkindness nor reproof, and the voice of discord was never heard in their habitation, where each knew and performed their own part, for the benefit of the whole. It is true the girl Susan, with her fine forehead and sunny smile, and the depth of feeling in her dark blue eyes, sometimes longed for more cheerful society than that of her parents, or a more unreserved and congenial mind than her mother's, to which to pour forth all its longings, all its aspirations. It would appear they wished her to receive an education and breeding somewhat superior to what a cottage girl might require, for she was exempted by her mother from any part in the menial offices of the little household; and, from a desire to exclude her from the contamination of low companionship, her father was her only instructor: but he was a well-educated intelligent man, as many of his class are known to be in Scotland, so that he was quite competent to direct his child's early education. She was always dressed, too, with a lady-like simplicity, equally remote from coarse plainness and flaunting vulgarity, and her own little room was adorned with care, and furnished with books of elegant literature. Allowed to choose, in a great measure her own employment, she loved to tend the rich flowers her father's care procured for her, to listen to the happy notes of the birds among the fruit trees; but, above all, to wander on the banks of the Clyde, with some improving books, from whose silent but eloquent companionship the tone of her mind and feelings was insensibly raised to high communing and graceful thoughts, which again diffused a charm over her daily deportment, hardly to be expected from her rank in life. Treated thus with lavish indulgence, without a care or sorrow to cloud her days, what could our young heroine desire more for happiness! But yet, somehow, she envied the fond caresses and unrestrained interchange of feeling and affection which she had witnessed in poorer dwellings than theirs. She wished her mother were not so distant, and that she were invited to twine her arms around her father's neck, when she had repeated to him her daily task; but such were not their winning ways. So she locked the loving emotions of her heart the closer in that pure sanctuary, and contented herself with returning her dear parents' kindness by devoted meekness, and dutiful obedience to all their wishes.

Thus passed Susan's childhood and early youth. When verging, however, on womanhood, she earnestly sought to be allowed to go to the school of the adjoining parish, not so much to seek society, as to acquire some branches of useful knowledge which her father was not competent to impart. After short demurring, and a private consultation, father and mother consented. Eager to improve, the ardent girl pursued diligently and successfully the studies pointed out to her; but ere many months had elapsed, a sudden stroke compelled the aged teacher to call to his assistance a clever young man, the son of an early friend, who was studying for the church, and who wished to fill up his leisure by instructing the young. From this new instructor Susan obtained stores of knowledge of a higher kind than she had received at the hands of the old schoolmaster; and it will readily be anticipated that these were rendered all the more delightful to her, by their coming from a being possessed of the natural qualities which were calculated to awaken a class of sympathies appropriate to her age. With her, the mastering of a task, and the receiving for it the meed of approbation, were now matters of a deeper interest than before; in short, without being conscious of it, she had given her heart to the young teacher. It was not long after this that, a second stroke carrying off the old master, the new one sought and obtained the appointment to his situation; a humble one, but presenting a reasonable security against want. William Macdonald thought he might now, without impropriety, seek the hand of his young pupil, and it required but a few words to make him aware that he already possessed some advantages for the accomplishment of this object. After that revelation—abrupt, and almost unpremeditated on either side—Susan returned no more to school. She shrunk with instinctive maiden delicacy from throwing herself in her lover's way; but we cannot doubt her heart beat rapturously as, after a few days of her unwonted absence, she saw her teacher on a lovely spring evening come to her home to learn the reason. Again and again he came, and she suffered herself to be led by him along the flowery banks of the Clyde. She had found what long she had yearned for, a congenial heart and cultivated mind with which to commune, and she readily promised, provided that her parents' views were in harmony with her own, to be his wife. Need it be said they gave glad consent. Though of humble birth, William's education had been liberal. His bearing was that, we might almost say, of a gentleman; his situation was comfortable; his prospects encouraging. So Susan, only in her seventeenth year, was wedded to William Macdonald.

Mrs. Oliphant, exulting, gave her only child a liberal wardrobe, and substantially furnished her bed-room; her father gave her some articles, with his fervent blessing; and Susan took possession of a small but neat dwelling adjoining her husband's school.

Two or three days after the wedding, the young wife was unpacking her trunks, and arranging tidily her clothes, when Macdonald entered. "What! is school over so soon? I did not think it was so late."

"Why, you know this is Saturday," replied the husband, "leave off fatiguing yourself, and come and take a walk; but what is all this you have spread around you?"

"Dear William, my mother has been very generous and very kind," replied Susan; "she has stocked me with clothes and with good house linens; and see, here is a piece of Holland for shirts for you. I mean to begin them immediately."

It is marvellous how small a circumstance will serve to reveal a propensity hitherto prevented from showing itself. Macdonald possessed many good qualities, but he was envious and avaricious; and the sight of the few articles of value now spread out before him stimulated these hideous feelings into a state of unhappy activity.

"It is very strange how your mother should have so many fine things," he observed; "where had she the money to buy them?"

"I know not—how should I? She tells not me her secrets, if any she has; but you forget, dear William, she was for a long time ladies'-maid, and then housekeeper, to a rich and noble family. Doubtless she saved something; but it is so kind to bestow it thus on me, that I think we had better take it gratefully, and never trouble ourselves about how she got it."

This was said gaily and innocently; yet the next instant, as if stung by an after-thought, a crimson blush spread over the fair face and brow, and she exclaimed energetically, "Honestly, William, I'll swear it was made. Often, often I've heard my father say how her master's family valued her incorruptible fidelity and honesty."

"Oh, I doubt not that; I am quite sure of that, my dear girl," promptly replied the husband; "but"—the demon spirit of avarice was knocking at his breast—"but do you think your mother has anything considerable?"

"I have not even an idea. We have had every comfort, and lived well. All she has will be mine at her death (I pray God it may be long till then.) She



told me so the night before we were married; and, by the way, William, what do you think of this? I had almost forgot I was just going to show it to you. My mother gave me this at the same time," putting into his hands a very small and elegant lady's gold watch; "it was her young lady's gift on her death-bed—for my mother sat up with her many nights—mother told me to keep it safely; it was the most valuable thing she had, and I had never seen it before. But it is only to look at, William, for me; is it not beautiful?"

"It is a valuable thing, Susan, dear; lay it up carefully." The demon of avarice was gnawing at his heart. He sat buried in meditation while his young wife wound up the watch, put it to her ear, and after looking at it a few moments with girlish delight, replaced it in its case, and locked it in her drawer.

A few weeks after this unhappy event, Macdonald found it necessary to permit his wife to attend the bedside of her father, who was seized with a fatal illness. Susan was most sedulous in her attentions, and sometimes fancied the invalid looked anxiously, as if wishing to speak to her alone. At length, one day, having hastened to the cottage, she found her mother absent in the village on some necessary errand. The child of a neighbour was in the kitchen, who told her her father slept. Stealing to his bedside, however, in a few moments he awoke. "Is it you, Susan?" asked he feebly; "where is your mother?"

"Gone out for a few minutes, but I shall get you anything you require."

"It is to say a few words to you I want, my child. Your mother has a will of her own; but I fear I am dying, and I will not leave the world in peace with a lie in my right hand. Susan, dear, though I have striven to be a father to you, you are no child of mine. Forgive me, Susan, for ever deceiving you thus. I say, Susan, you are not my daughter," repeated he anxiously, as she answered not at first. "Oh, do not talk so, father—father. He is raving!" hurriedly exclaimed the terrified girl.

"Nay, hear me; I am in my senses, and speak the truth. When I am gone, tell your mother what I have told you, and that I conjure her to confide in you, and make provision for you out of what is justly yours, not hers." But at this instant the sound of Mrs. Oliphant's return met his ear, and he stopped suddenly, apparently leaving his well-intentioned but injudicious communication incomplete. Shrinking from the idea of his wife's reproach, and trembling under her ascendancy, he left *one* exposed to the storm which he avoided, the person whom he ought rather to have sheltered if he could; so thoughtlessly selfish are many even whom the world calls worthy characters. Daring a penetrating glance at the uncertain troubled looks of her husband and daughter, Mrs. Oliphant bustled to his side. He had fainted, and his end approached rapidly. Susan whispered her mother that he believed himself dying, which explained, or appeared to do so, the agitation she had witnessed on her entrance, though Susan said it not with that intention; indeed she knew not what to think, nor how to act, so strangely had her father's words bewildered her. Remaining with the dying man till her husband came to fetch her, they together watched the close of the scene, then leaving a neighbour with the new-made widow, they returned to their home, thus early visited with sorrow. William tenderly soothed his weeping wife; but when she reached her dwelling, she shut herself in her room, to ask her sorely agitated heart what she ought to do. "Can it be so! Am I, indeed, not his child?" A thousand corroborative circumstances flashed on her recollection. "Wnoose, then, am I! The concealment tells me." Having made the communication to her husband without suppressing a word, the poor girl clung to his breast with passionate fervour, as if fearful he would drive her thence; but, pressing her affectionately closer, he said, "Well, my dear; compose yourself. What is that to us, that it should disturb our happiness for a moment! Are you not my wife—my own Susan still?"

These few words lightened the load of poor Susan's sorrow of more than half its weight; but she knew not that her William cherished in his bosom an adder which was to poison his peace and wreck her happiness. What did it signify to him *who* was her father, provided he could get possession of the ample provision Oliphant's last words pointed at?

The poor gardener laid in the grave, his widow's grief was decent, yet composed. Susan put off her bridal attire for appropriate mourning; and her husband suppressed, with effort, the impatience of the demon-disturber of his repose. After questioning and cross-questioning his poor wife, who now began to be aware of the passion which possessed him, Macdonald at length insisted that Susan should deliver James Oliphant's last instructions to the widow. It had been Mrs. Oliphant's habit, as was natural, never to pass her daughter's door without calling; and each evening, when they had not so met during the day, and now, especially, in the retirement of her new-made widowhood, Susan's walk with William was to her cottage. But again and again the sensitive daughter shrunk from her hateful task, till Macdonald threatened to undertake it himself; therefore, knowing he was irritable, and her mother resolute, for fear of an outbreak of temper between the only two beings in the world she had to love, the devoted young wife set out alone to perform her mission. Her mother's cottage was trim and snug as usual; the widow's grief had not hindered her accustomed cares. Susan trembled violently, but at last faltered out the substance of her last conversation with him she had ever called her father. The widow heard her out with marvellously little change of countenance and manner. At the conclusion she wept. "Yes, my poor girl, there is a mystery about your birth that had better be left as it is, for it has already cost much sorrow. I beg you will, at least, ask no more on the subject at present. A time may come when you will know all."

Macdonald was not at all satisfied with his wife's report of this interview. Bent on bettering his condition, the good-will of a school in the next town was to be sold, and he coveted the possession; but his wife's mother approved not of the plan, and refused the means. Several violent altercations consequently took place between him and the widow Oliphant on the subject of what he insisted was Susan's portion; and no asseverations of the widow, that she possessed only her own—and that, except by her choice, his wife was entitled to no part of it—nor yet the sorrowful pleadings of the distressed Susan, could stop the unseemly and unwonted strife. At length Macdonald, hoping to force his mother-in-law to meet his views, positively forbade any intercourse between her and his wife, and became harsh and unkind to the young and lovely being who had so lately surrendered her happiness to his keeping. The struggle between avarice and his better nature now became deadly in his breast; and one bitter autumn day he took his way to the cottage of Mrs. Oliphant. Outrageous was the war of words in the scene that ensued; and the schoolmaster returned to his young wife in a state of horrible excitement. The fiend had triumphed, and was raging uncontrolled within. He vociferated words of reproach to the unoffending Susan; yea, with coward hand drove her from him, and then fled from the house. The cold chill of despair struck to the heart of the hapless Susan; but when, after a period of time, she found that her husband returned not, she flew rather than walked to the home of her contented happy childhood. Here she immediately perceived that an angry interview had taken place between her husband and her mother.

"My dear mother, tell me all, I beseech you—"

"Mother! I am—for I must now reveal what I hoped to remain secret—I am not your mother."

"Tell me, tell me in pity," said Susan, "have I indeed no mother to fly to in this dismal hour? Oh! I will bless you for ever, if you will only let me call you my mother!" More moved than she had ever been by the piteous looks and words, and yet more piteous situation of the gentle, forlorn, and so lately happy girl, the widow raised her kindly, and besought her to be calm, and hear the tale which the selfish passions of her husband had, by his frenzied provocations, wrung from the long unmoved and imperious woman. Susan fixed a glazed yet anxious eye on the speaker as she proceeded. "I shall be brief as possible. The time, however, is come when you must know the truth; and, remember, the disclosure has not been of my seeking. I was, as you know, housekeeper in the noble family of—. My lovely youngest lady was your mother!" Susan, in an agony of distress, shuddered, but remained calm. "There had been, as I learnt from indistinct expressions of my dying mistress, a species of marriage between her and your father, a gentleman of high degree, but it had been secret and irregular. There was not at any rate a vestige of evidence of the deed, and therefore there hung over your birth all the disgrace of illegitimacy. Your father was absent with his regiment. To shield your mother and her family's proud name, I conveyed you secretly to James, my late husband, who was head gardener, and then my suitor. He succeeded in placing you in safety with a nurse, while I remained, for the few days life was granted with the poor mother. I never left her remains till I saw them laid, in unsuspected purity, in a lamented grave. The night of her death she gave me the watch you have, faintly whispering, 'Give it to my child, if she survives.'"

"Oh! dear and precious legacy of her who gave me being!" wept the desolate orphan, as if over a mother's grave.

"Hear me out, my poor girl. After a short time I joined him who then became my husband; and communicating with your father, who was abroad, was commanded by him to keep the birth of his child secret as the grave that had sheltered its mother, bestowing on me a sum of money, vested in my own name; but (such was the confidence reposed in me) trusting to me to provide for the offspring of error and sorrow. Not unworthily was I of the trust thus confided in me, proceeded she proudly. "You know, Susan, I have cared for you; I have educated and provided for you far beyond our seeming station. It was my pride and joy to surround you even with elegancies. Notwithstanding what I told you, after the unfortunate disclosure my late husband made to you your father yet lives; and some of the books and articles you have were sent to me by him for your use."

"Which—which are they?" again interrupted the anxious Susan.

"You shall know that by and by," soothingly replied the woman. "I always intended you should have abundantly sufficient for your moderate and reasonable wants; but in such a form, and at such times, as I saw best. But the violence, pertinacity, and avarice of your husband has provoked this disclosure, and to his own complete discomfiture; since I have at length convinced him," she bitterly added, "that neither the law he threatened me with, nor any power he could appeal to, can procure him what he seeks. The name of your father I am bound to conceal, and neither coaxing nor violence shall force it from me. The only other being who knew it, sleeps now in the silence of death. Even you, poor innocent sufferer for the faults of others, must not ask me this." But she spoke to nearly insensible ears. Susan's brain had hardly comprehended the latter part of her communications. Seeing the condition of the unfortunate girl, she immediately accompanied her home. The wretched Macdonald, already half-repenting, yet writhing under resentment and disappointment, saw them pass his school window, but forbore to intrude upon them.

Hardly conscious as she was, when placed in her own bed, the heart stricken mourner pointed to her drawer, and eagerly persisted that her now pitying and anxious attendant should bring her somewhat from thence. The widow at length comprehended her, and placed in the trembling hands of her protégé the watch, the legacy of her dying mother. Claspings and kissing it, she hung its chain around her neck, and hid the bauble in her bosom. When Mrs. Oliphant had done what she could for the comfort of the nearly unconscious invalid, she left her to seek medical aid, first calling Macdonald, who, conscience-stricken at what had been his cruel work, hung with tender grief and self-reproach over the uncomplaining sufferer. A dry and burning kiss, a few murmured words of fondness, were all her reply to his flood of tears and passionate entreaties for forgiveness. The same night Susan's senses wholly forsook her; and, notwithstanding all that human skill could do, ere five days more her spirit had fled, the victim of parental error, and of the selfish passions of her protectress and her husband.

When the solemn scene was finally closed, what must have been the sensations of the survivors? We would not seek to veil errors every one must condemn—selfishness and avarice persisted in, and terminating in the untimely death of a youthful wife, the only being blameless in this domestic tragedy. Macdonald obtained employment in a distant town, and returned no more to the banks of the Clyde. We trust he has spent his days in penitence and humble contentment. Mrs. Oliphant remained in her cottage, and hired a person to cultivate her garden. It must have appeared, if we have faithfully sketched her character, that she was not a woman of much sentiment or sensibility; yet she mourned for the being she had brought up as her own with a quiet, yet more settled grief, than was to have been expected. Not many weeks after Susan's death, a plain travelling chariot stopped at the village inn, and a noble-looking man, its only occupant, inquired for Mrs. Oliphant. Alighting, he was shown to her dwelling, and dismissed his little guide thither, with a liberal recompense. Great was the widow's surprise—much greater than usual the trial of her habitual self-possession—when he stood before her; for, though eighteen years had passed over them, she at once recognised him. After ascertaining that no one was within hearing, "I come to see you, my good friend," the stranger said, "to thank you for the care of my child. Your last letter told me of her comfortable marriage. I may not indulge all I feel; but I would fain for once see her—see the living resemblance, as you have often told me, of my poor unhappy—"

Agitation choked his utterance; but his faithful servant wept bitterly. "Ah! what is this I see?" glancing at her weeds; "you are lately become a widow; I had not at first observed it. Well, but, Mrs. Oliphant"—and he was proceeding with some commonplace words of consolation. "Tis not my widowhood I mourn, my lord, though that now seems more sorrowful than before. You have come to see your lovely child; and, oh! how would her poor heart not have been satisfied! but she sleeps in the cold grave. Alas! do I live to tell it?"—wringing her hands in a paroxysm of distress. The shock was great; but the father listened with deep interest to the particulars Mrs. Oliphant chose to give him of the last illness and death of his hapless child, the circumstances leading to which, it may be believed,



were smoothed over, perhaps in kindness. The stranger looked around him—he saw the books he had sent her—the flowers she had reared—her favourite canary, in its spacious cage, carolling the cheerful notes she had so often listened to. He asked to have something that had belonged to her, and the watch, which the widow had taken from the inanimate remains, together with its history, was given to him: finally, he shed tears in bitter anguish over the humble grave of the being who had been wronged so deeply.

Such were the emotions wrung by remorse from a heart not wholly lost to the better feelings of our nature. A humbled, childless, unhonoured man, he returned to those scenes of high life, where there are many bosoms besides his concealing, under a gay outside, a sin and sorrow-stricken heart. Oh that the rich and great would reflect in time on the consequences that may flow from selfishness and error, not only to themselves, but to others, and, above all, to the one party who ever is the most innocent, though the most wronged. Here, indeed, we have seen that an effort was made to provide a moderate happiness for the unfortunate victim; but, even if her married lot had been happier, was it altogether appropriate? Alas! no. Inheriting by nature the high-toned mind and delicate tastes of her parents, she was cast in a field where these never could have received their proper gratifications, and where unhappiness consequently must have sooner or later befallen her; where, as it was, the shock which they received from one set of adverse circumstances proved the cause of her lamentable fate—a broken heart and an early grave.

### LANGUAGE OF ANIMALS.

One thing strikes an observer of nature above all others, that whatever animals require for the economy of their situation upon earth, that they, by the bounty of Providence, possess. And there seems to be no other limit to the faculties bestowed upon the various tribes: whatever any particular species imperatively needed in order that it might fulfil its destiny here, is enjoyed by that species. It is very obvious, considering the way in which many animals live, and particularly their social habits, that a means of communicating ideas from one individual to others was amongst the requisites of their situation: accordingly, all such animals have a means of communicating ideas; have, in short, what we comprehensively call language. Perhaps there is no species altogether deficient in this power; but of this we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; we only can say that there is a considerable number of the families of the inferior animals which can be proved to possess and use a means of communicating their ideas. Some of these means we can distinguish and understand; others are as yet beyond our observation, and are of so mysterious a character, that even conjecture as to what they consist of is set at defiance.

The insects are the lowest tribes in which a communication of ideas has as yet been detected. Rather unexpectedly, this does not seem to be connected with any of the numerous kinds of sound steadily emitted by insects, but to consist chiefly, at least, of silent signs made through the medium of the sense of touch. In ants and bees, it has been observed to consist simply in a mutual rubbing of the antennæ, or feelers, an organ of wonderful delicacy of organisation, and which may comprehend a far greater variety of sensation than we have any idea of from what we feel in our own frames. These remarks, however, are not exclusive of the fact, that, on some particular occasions, a special sound is employed by insects to convey a certain kind of intelligence. One striking instance of a communication of intelligence by ants was observed by Franklin. He had a pot of treacle in a cupboard, to which the ants found access, and on which they regaled themselves very heartily, till he discovered them and drove them away. He then, to insure the preservation of his treacle, hung the pot by a string from the ceiling. It chanced that one ant had been left in the pot, and this animal he soon after observed leave it by the string, and pass along the ceiling towards its nest. In less than half an hour a great company of ants sallied out of their hole, climbed along the ceiling, and descending by the string, resumed their banquet at the treacle. As one set was satisfied, it left the rich repast to give place to another, and there was a constant passing up and down the string till the whole was eaten up. In this case there could not be the least doubt that the single ant had given information of a means having been left by which they could again approach the pot, and this information led to the new attack which the colony made upon it.

The possession of language by ants is pretty fully illustrated by Messrs Kirby and Spence in their elegant *Introduction to Entomology*. "If you scatter," say they, "the ruins of an ant's nest in your apartment, you will be furnished with a proof of their language. The ants will take a thousand different paths, each going by itself, to increase the chance of discovery; they will meet and cross each other in all directions, and perhaps will wander long before they can find a spot convenient for their reunion. No sooner does any one discover a little chink in the floor, through which it can pass below, than it returns to its companions, and, by means of certain motions of its antennæ, makes some of them comprehend what course they are to pursue to find it, sometimes even accompanying them to the spot; these in their turn become the guides of others, till all know which way to direct their steps.

It has been observed of ants, while working, that the superintendent will occasionally make a particular noise by striking his antennæ against the wall of the nest, when the workers emit a sort of hiss, and immediately begin to exert themselves more strenuously. This seems to be a sort of call to make the labourers work harder, and an answer on their part expressing obedience. The same thing has been observed in what is called a march of ants; the soldiers standing by make the particular sound with the antennæ, when the ordinary ants answer with a hiss, and immediately increase their pace. When a military expedition is contemplated, spies are previously sent out, at it to reconnoitre, and bring intelligence. After their return, the army assembles, and begins its march towards the place where the spies had been reconnoitring. Upon the march, communications are perpetually making between the van and rear; and, when arrived at the camp of the enemy, and the battle begins, if necessary, couriers are despatched to the fornicary for reinforcements. It has been also observed, that ants can communicate an alarm of approaching danger, by which the community is put upon its guard; and this signal at once excites the defensive courage of the neuters, and awakens a sense of fear in the males and females, who are seen, consequently, retreating to the nest as to an asylum.

Messrs Kirby and Spence thus describe the *language* of ants:—"In communicating their fear, or expressing their anger, they run from one to another in a semi-circle, and strike with their head or jaws the trunk or abdomen of the ant to which they mean to give information of any subject of alarm. But those remarkable organs, their antennæ, are the principal instruments of their speech, if it may be supplying the place both of voice and words. When the military ants go upon their expeditions, and are out of the fornicary, previously to setting off, they touch each other on the trunk with their antennæ and forehead: this

is the signal for marching; for, as soon as any one has received it, he is immediately in motion. When they have any discovery to communicate, they strike with the antennæ and forehead those they meet in a particularly impressive manner. If a hungry ant wants to be fed, it touches with its two antennæ, moving them very rapidly, those of the individual from which it expects its meal; and not only ants understand this language, but even aphides and coccis, which are the milch kine of our little pismires, do the same, and will yield them their saccharine fluid at the touch of these imperative organs. The helpless larvæ, also, of the ants are informed by the same means when they may open their mouths to receive their food."

The communications amongst bees are much of the same character as those amongst ants, and the means seem to be nearly the same, namely, a particular use of the feelers. When a swarm is about to go off, scouts are sent out to choose a situation; these are observed to hover about a particular place for a little while, as if considering its eligibility, then return, as to communicate the intelligence; after which the swarm goes off, and settles on the place fixed upon. A wasp has, in like manner, been observed to go and give information in his nest of any deposit of honey or food which he had met with, when the whole fraternity would sally forth, go direct to the place, and partake of the treat.

It must be remarked, that ants and bees are so far peculiar creatures, that they live in societies forming a species of commonwealth. This mutual relation, and the various duties which they have by reason of it to perform in concert, make language necessary to them; and language, accordingly, as we see, they have. It is probable that all other animals of their humble kind, which form more or less perfect societies, also possess some power of imparting their ideas to each other by means of regular signs instinctively suggested and instinctively understood, and which, like other matters of instinct, know no variation from one generation to another. This is probable, because there seems to be no other rule on the subject than that, where such a power of communicating ideas is required in the economy of the species, it is given; but we are not aware that there are any ascertained facts which entitle us to speak of this as more than merely probable. We must ascend out of the articulated sub-kingdom, before we find any other ascertained instances of the possession of language by the inferior animals.

Many anecdotes, like the following, could be produced:—"An old goose, that had been for a fortnight hatching in a farmer's kitchen, was perceived on a sudden to be taken violently ill. She soon after left the nest and repaired to an out-house, where there was a young goose of the first year, which she brought with her into the kitchen. The young one immediately scrambled into the old one's nest, sat, hatched, and afterwards brought up the brood. The old goose, as soon as the young one had taken her place, sat down by the side of the nest, and soon after died. As the young goose had never been in the habit of entering the kitchen before, I know of no way of accounting for this fact, than by supposing that the old one had some way of communicating her thoughts and anxieties, which the other was perfectly able to understand." This is reported to Mr. Loudon's Magazine by a gentleman named Brew, residing at Ennis, who adds, "A sister of mine, who witnessed the transaction, gave me the information in the evening of the very day it happened."

In the mammalia, the existence of such a language is borne out by almost daily observation. A bull, seeing a cow straying behind the rest of the herd, will go towards it, and call something, which causes the cow to rejoin her companions. We have been assured of the truth of the following incident by a gentleman who witnessed it, and who says that it agrees with many other anecdotes of cattle which he has heard:—"A number of cattle were placed together in a field, for the purpose of feeding on turnips. Two of the number became extremely troublesome to the rest, butting at and leaping upon them, and seeming to take a malicious pleasure in disturbing them in eating—in short, playing the tyrant over their more peaceable companions. This was patiently endured for some time; but at length a sort of conference was held by the peaceable cattle! they literally laid their heads together, and seemed to converse on the subject of the annoyance to which they were exposed, and, we may be allowed to add, on the proper means to be adopted for putting a stop to it. These cattle were then observed to make a simultaneous rush at the two offensive ones, whom they attacked in such spirited style as to drive them out of the field."

The Ettrick Shepherd's anecdote of the small dog which, being ill-used by a large one at an inn, went home and brought a friend of superior strength to avenge its wrongs, completes our list of illustrations for the meantime. To multiply such anecdotes might become tedious, as a few are sufficient to establish the fact, that a means of communicating ideas and sentiments does exist among the animals inferior to man. That this language among the insect tribes chiefly consists of signs by touch, we have seen. Of what nature is the language of the mammalia? These can convey expressions of hunger, impatience, and some other feelings, by their looks and attitudes; but this is only such natural language as we ourselves possess, and often employ. They have evidently another mode of communicating their ideas, in which, as far as can be observed, neither sounds nor signs are used. Of what nature is this silent speech? Who can give an answer?

### PONTEVRAULT.

About the year 1098, France became agitated by the extraordinary preaching of a priest called Robert d'Abbrissel. Haranguing multitudes of all classes of people, and dwelling on the value of a religious life, he attracted a vast number of followers. Husbands abandoned their wives, wives their husbands, parents their children, and young females their families, to obey the fanatic impulse. More than three thousand persons left their houses and their connexions to follow this remarkable man from town to town, and from city to city; persons of all ranks and conditions, of every age and profession, men and women, some respectable character, others notoriously bad repute, followed in the great train of the agitator. The number of his disciples continuing to increase, it became so difficult to conduct their migrations, that he resolved to select some spot where he might locate them as a religious society. After seeking a resting-place for himself and his flock in many spots along the banks of the Loire, the preacher at length selected one at a few miles' distance from that river, on the borders of Anjou, Touraine, and Poitou, amongst the woods and wilds of Pontevault, possessing, as a chief recommendation, a beautiful spring, which in all seasons furnished an abundant supply of pure and excellent water. Here, amidst the forest shades, the pious multitude at first constructed cabins of wood and turf; a small chapel was next built; and deep and wide ditches were dug throughout the encampment, to separate the dwellings of the men from those of the women. The neighbouring towns and villages vied with each other in furnishing food and clothing for this holy body; the nobles of the country endowed them liberally with lands, including the spot where they had pitched their settlement; contributions flowed in from



kings and princes; whole families came to join the new settlers, and throw all their wealth into the common treasure, which was speedily swelled to a considerable amount. In 1102, the foundations of the great church were laid, and the building erected, under the superintendence of a lady of the princely house of Champagne. Robert d'Arbrissel, whose energy had carried him over every difficulty, now saw his flock well lodged and pastured. Three hundred of the best instructed and most respectable of the female converts were placed in buildings near the newly erected church, and charged with the duty of chanting the sacred offices; the others were divided into companies of a hundred and sixty each; whilst those of doubtful character were placed by themselves in a building called La Madeleine. The lepers and the infirm were lodged in another edifice called St Lazarus; and the able-bodied male portion of the colonists was accommodated in a distinct residence named St Jean de l'Habit. Thus, the great and miscellaneous conventual establishment, composed both of nuns and monks, was fairly set on foot. As eminent for his humility as for his other virtues, the founder assumed to himself no authority over his followers, but placed the pastoral staff in the hands of a female ruler, Petronilla de Chemille, and gave an example to the whole body of dutiful obedience to her as superior. In 1117, Robert d'Arbrissel died in the odour of sanctity, leaving the monastery of Fontevault as a monument of his genius. The singular constitution which he had imposed, of making the nuns the superiors, and the monks subject to them, remained in force; and the abbess of Fontevault who was generally a lady of rank, was for ages one of the most important religious functionaries in France, her power being vastly increased by the spread of monasteries of the same order, of which, ultimately, there were as many as fifty-seven throughout France. It is needless to pursue the history of Fontevault through the seven hundred years which followed its foundation, further than to say, that it was one of the most imposing religious establishments in France, and was selected as the burial place of Henry II., his son, Richard Cœur de Lion, and other members of the royal house of Anjou. At the revolution of 1793, like similar institutions throughout France, the monastery was dissolved, and the whole establishment, with its splendid endowments, sequestered: the lady superior, with her numerous train of nuns, monks, and servants, was turned adrift to the world; many of the tombs and monuments were desecrated and destroyed, and the various buildings devoted to the purposes of a national prison for criminals.

And so this was the end of the pious dream which led the almost sainted Robert d'Arbrissel to imagine he had founded an establishment which should last throughout all generations. Of the extent of the overthrow, no one can have any adequate idea without visiting the place. I had anticipated seeing two or three houses and courtyards, whereas, to my surprise, the establishment appeared to cover some forty or fifty acres, occupying the gentle slope of a hill towards the south-east with part of the valley below, and embracing a collection of houses, churches, cloisters, courtyards, workshops, and inferior structures, all in such excellent order, and so admirably adapted for their present purpose, that the nation may be supposed to have congratulated itself on having got the whole so good a bargain—that is to say, for nothing.

## THE LAST DAYS OF THE PLANTAGENETS.

### HENRY III.—PART II.

Whilst different aims in different lights appear,  
What is the chiefest good?—A conscience clear.  
Since rolling ages in their course began,  
What has been man's worst woe?—His fellow man.

What marks the wise?—When wronged for suffered ill,  
To have the power to hurt, but want the will.  
What speaks the fool?—When hate and spleen devour,  
To have the will to hurt, but want the power.

ANON.

With what poignant shame must Henry of Winchester in his latter day have looked back on this period of his life, and on all that succeeded it. Sitting on that which ought to have been the throne of his majesty, to find himself treated with contempt, reproach, and dictation; to be obliged to give promises and pledges, to shed tears, to utter protestations, and, what was meaner than all, to denounce unscrupulously the creatures of his will when he found that they could no longer minister to his demands. "Unhappy King that I am," says the cringing prince, "to be surrounded by evil advisers! No evil wishes of my own brought about these disputes, but they are the effects of listening to those who have deceived me." Detestable wretch, and remorseless hypocrite! He accuses and sacrifices those who have served him faithfully, and rejoices at once in their downfall and his own escape.

Like every other promise, every other oath, of this false prince's life, his pledge to keep England free from foreigners was utterly disregarded. He married a Provencal princess, who inundated the kingdom with her relations and countrymen, and the devoted country was made a prey to their rapacity, a subject for their insolence. Henry even became in reality what he had falsely averred himself to be—the tool of his ministers. But his own insatiable desires, the importunities of his wife and her relations, the influence of the beggarly foreigners, and his personal dislike of the English to whom he owed everything, strengthened him in his insensate career. By degrees he became shameless in begging supplies from parliament, and had recourse to every paltry means for raising supplies which had no better destination than that of complying with the clamorous solicitations of hungry Provencals and insolent Italian priests. He quarrels with the citizens of London, because they will not give, and revokes their charter; then in abject fear of their vengeance he pusillanimously restores it; he becomes so unkeen in the estimation of his own officers that, when he petulantly demands the Great Seal from the Chancellor, the latter refuses to deliver it; he ventures again to meet his Parliament and, for money, again swears to release the kingdom from the rapacity of followers, again vows to be guided by good advice, and again—again—laughs at the oath with which the credulous barons are beguiled. In the midst of this turmoil Henry of Winchester was guilty of a meanness never before resorted to by any king of England except by his own prototype, the weak, faithless, and contemptible Ethelred II. He bought—bought an infamous peace from his vassal, the King of Scotland.

The "cup of his abominations" was fast filling; it was true that the Italian

ecclesiastics were diminishing in number in England, but foreigners still flocked there; a new assortment began to appear, brought over by the Queen-mother Isabella, who, after the death of her husband King John, had returned to France and married the Count de la Marche, whom she had so infamously deserted long before. Now she came, with her second consort, and a brood of Henry's half-brothers, and soon the inroads of this new reptile swarm were visible everywhere. At the same time, the Pope, incensed at the expulsion of the Italians, made offer of the English crown to Louis, commonly called St. Louis, King of France. Reasons, plausible enough for those days, were easily given to the French monarch for the offer; not only was Henry guilty of impiety to the Church, and of irreverence towards the Holy See, but, according to the Pope, he was an usurper upon the throne which had been bestowed on the father of Louis, by a predecessor of the Holy Father. The offer, however, was vain; young Louis was pious, just, and good; far better deserving the holy term which was applied to him, than hundreds who have been canonized. He refused to assert the claim, he declined to interfere in the papal quarrel, he scorned to take advantage of the English dissensions. What a contrast between him and the man whom he refused to wrong! That very Henry had formerly endeavoured to take from Louis his dominions, for no better reason than that the latter was an infant, and Louis had found his best protection in a good and wise mother.

But here, as in thousands of thousands of other instances, we are to perceive the hand of Providence bringing forth good out of evil. The man who is to right all this wrong, yet be himself sacrificed to his work, is a foreigner. Simon Montford was a native of the soil of France, the distinguished son of a distinguished father, although the distinction acquired by the latter was but on grounds of doubtful merit. The elder Montford was at the head of the persecution carried on against the Albigenes,—a religious war—in which power and bigotry went hand in hand, and where, like the Mahomedan system of proselytizing, the sword was to aid the deficiencies of the argument; men's consciences and their very belief were to be coerced by the strong hand, and people were to profess a belief which they could not realize, however offensive the profession to an all-seeing God, or else be subjected to the cruelties of the arm of flesh laid on by the authority of fallible, erring, but powerful, obstinate, and presumptuous man. This, however, was an error of the times, the superstition of the present day was the zeal of the thirteenth century, and we may pity and excuse a blindness which was almost without a remedy.

The younger De Montford came over to England; he was handsome, brave, courtly, and politic, independently of his high birth—although the last was a qualification of great importance in those times. In right of his mother he inherited the earldom of Leicester, and he soon shewed himself to be not only English in descent but a warm and zealous asserter of the rights of the English Barons. For a long time he enjoyed the favour of the King, who admired his talents, made use of his military prowess, and perhaps liked him the better through that infatuation which led Henry to despise and abuse his native-born subjects. But Leicester was not the man to remain the instrument of a weak and frivolous King; his lofty soul and sagacious mind soared far beyond the miserable tricks and shallow policy of the English court; he saw evils on evils arise, and the barons, through an infatuated loyalty to the crown and vacillating opinions among themselves, permitting an unprincipled changeling to scrape up the treasury of the realm for his own gratification, and to comply with the rapacity of his harpy relations from abroad.

There is a beautiful equivoque in the Divine Government, perceptible even in the alternations of good and bad, powerful and weak, rulers. Where civilization has once taken root the progress of liberty is onward; accessions of it are made under a weak administration, and they become rooted and strengthened under that rule which is more wise and vigorous; on the other hand, the evils of a tyranny are not unperceived although they may be submitted to, and attempts to redress them are sure to be made when comparative imbecility succeeds it; men groan under the oppressions of the strong, but they fail not to remove the evil the moment an opportunity is presented. Thus, therefore, out of the evil cometh forth good, a truth which many events in this reign are calculated to demonstrate. The extravagant habits of King Henry began so early, and continued so pertinaciously, that the barons soon found it necessary to couple remonstrances with their grants, and afterwards proceeded to make redress of grievances a condition for a grant itself; these were the immediate precursors of that representative system which is now the basis of all free constitutions, and as they were of vital importance and to stand through all generations, so were they to be carefully nurtured and even watered in blood.

The weak and worthless Henry had worn out the patience of the Barons by his numerous and uncalled-for demands; he had become contemptuously and flatly refused; he was under the necessity of resorting to every vile and tyrannical means; he tortured the Jews, after the fashion of his unworthy father, he melted down his plate and sold it to his citizens of London, and he even forced himself and his courtiers upon the barons, as guests; travelling from castle to castle, and claiming presents from his unwilling entertainers. But his greatest degradation, in days when holy wars were considered as sacred obligations, was upon his application for money to assist him to make good his vow of taking the Cross. It was not only refused, but treated with derision. Even women joined in the general scoff; for the Countess of Arundel did not scruple to tell him that he could neither govern the kingdom nor himself.

"Lady," said the offended and mortified King, "your sex has a charter to rail and to scold, and my nobles are determined that it shall not remain idle; but I pray you, do not break it by extending it beyond its bounds."

"Talk not of bounds, Sir King," replied the haughty dame. "It ill becomes one who has broken all the charters of this realm, and set them again for sale, to advise me as to the bounds of any. Thou hast, thyself, broken al



laws, dissolved every tie; thou bruisest, scourgest, robbest this thy noble kingdom of England, and shall we not have at least the poor liberty to rail."

To this language, and such as this, was Henry fain to submit, yet so grovelling was his spirit that he put up with it, in the hope of allaying hostility by forbearance, and of still obtaining the supplies which his wants craved and his clamorous followers demanded. Besides which a new project, flattering to his ambition, but totally beyond either his means or his policy was now in agitation. The Pope, who had been offering the Crown of Sicily to all the princes of Europe, at length hit upon the weak Henry of Winchester, and promised that sovereignty to Henry's younger son, Edmund, on condition of his finding the supplies necessary for completing the acquisition. Not that this was ever likely to ensue, but the Roman Pontiff wanted money, and Henry was the very person on whom to impose. Much had in fact been attained before the bubble burst, and Henry at length discovered that there would be no Sicilian Crown, no disgorging of wealth from the Pope, no farther hope of supply from his own long-enduring subjects.

But the lowest point of Henry's dishonour, the finish of his utter debasement was at hand. A grand council being called, and the usual reproaches and demands for redress being addressed to the King, the ecclesiastical lords having lighted torches in their hands—a most unusual solemnity—the latter denounced sentence of excommunication on all who should break the terms of the Great Charter, on that day solemnly confirmed; and to give emphasis to the awful threat, each bishop and abbot, as he extinguished his torch, exclaimed, "and thus may every soul stink and be noisome in hell, of those who shall incur the fulfilment of this solemn denunciation." The scene terrified the King; the horrors of the church's thunders pressed upon his soul, and, in turn, he swore as man, as gentleman, as knight, and as crowned monarch, to preserve inviolate the Charter. Can we imagine of either depravity or frivolity that could disregard an oath administered thus? Yes, the King greedily snatched at the grant which had this time been afforded him, dissipated it idly as usual, and treated the whole affair as a dream.

He was now, however, to be undeceived as to the apparent quietude of the exasperated barons. Montford, who had married the dowager Countess of Pembroke, Henry's sister, had been sent to quell certain disturbances in Gascony, but the foreign crew about the court having poisoned the King's ear with respect to that nobleman, the latter was recalled, and Henry had even the reckless hardihood to call Leicester to his face a traitor, and the betrayer of the honour of the lady whom he had afterwards married.

"Fool and liar," said the exasperated Leicester, who could no longer restrain himself, "hast thou neither grace nor truth? Were it not for thy rank, Sir King, thou shouldst give me better satisfaction for this affront."

"Sir Earl," replied the King, "darest thou thus to beard thy sovereign and thy benefactor to his face? Darest thou use such opprobrious terms to thy lord and King?"

"I will not withdraw them," said the haughty earl. "Fool, Henry of Winchester, thou must be, for what else would publish to the world the frailties of a sister. Liar, Sir King, I again say thou art, not only in slandering that sister to the open dishonour of thine own house, but also in the total disregard to thine oath and to the rights of thy people."

Leicester turned proudly away, and the humbled prince dared not further pursue the discourse, neither was there one in the crowd of parasites that had courage or inclination to take up the defence of their miserable victim.

From this time Henry was fortune's football during the next ten years. The barons considered him as little more than an excrescence on the government; they despised him, they took the administration into their own hands, dictated terms to the Royal family—of whom there was at least one whose talents and character deserved better treatment at their hands,—and in the plenitude of their power, and, it must be confessed, somewhat reckless manner of using it, they obtained the title of the *Mad Parliament*, an epithet which history has handed down to all posterity. So true it is that prosperity is harder to bear than adversity, and submission in weakness is more difficult than moderation in strength. Why need we here recount the alternate gleams of sunshine, and the gloomy obscurations which chequered the life of the insensate Henry; why need we dwell upon his condition of a "prisoner at large," or rather of a "man at liberty under surveillance?" History has largely descanted upon the masterly leading of Leicester at this juncture, upon the rigour of his attachment to the cause which was placed under his guidance, of the jealousy which his superiority drew down upon him, of the injustice which was attached to his motives, and of the steadfastness with which he continued to conduct affairs, against all personal opposition, with the one great end of *Reform*, in view.

But Leicester himself was his own victim. Continued success operated upon him even as it does upon the human heart in general. He assumed a more lofty port among those who were in all outward respects his equals, and who had the advantage of being native born which he was not. His leanings towards an arbitrary carriage, also, gave some colour to the assertion of his having designs on the throne itself, and it is well known how jealousy can aggravate evils and obscure good. Defection ensued, and treachery followed; and the issue was that the brave, the wise, the politic De Montford was slain in the battle field of Evesham, leaving behind him a character which has been the subject of dispute ever since. As in his life so in his last hours he was the very contrast of the contemptible Henry; for on the day of Evesham, when he proclaimed too late that he was betrayed and lost, he exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy upon our souls, as for our bodies they are Prince Edward's," yet that conviction did not unnerve his arm, nor disturb his judgment; he fought like a warrior, and he died sword in hand without becoming a prisoner. Not so King Henry; at the first approach of danger he sheltered himself under the *Royal* character, always respected by Englishmen to an extent beyond

that of any other people upon earth, exclaiming to his assailant, "Hold thy hand, soldier, I am Henry of Winchester, thy King!" The patriot perished, so far as the earthly nature can perish, the poltroon remained, to drag on a few more dishonoured years, and sink at last into his grave unwept.

It has already been said that early in the career of this despicable prince the nobles found it necessary to prepare demands for redress of grievance to accompany the grants which their too liberal and confiding loyalty bestowed. These were the first germs of representation, for they increased and enlarged until the period of the "Mad Parliament," when the sagacious Leicester adopted the resolution of calling up to the Council Knights of the Shires, elected by the people, to give their assent to supplies, and to strengthen the remonstrances, which the callous soul of the King was inclined to pass by with indifference. The system fell nearly into disuse after the death of the Earl of Leicester, at least during the remainder of King Henry's life; but let it not be forgotten that, although it was revived and made permanent in the succeeding reign, it has not Royal liberality to thank for its establishment. The son of Henry III. was a sagacious prince, he had also learnt much from the unfortunate nobleman, once his friend, but against whom he finally became the mortal foe.

There is a text in the Scriptures of truth which says "Woe unto the world because of offences! For it must needs be that offences come, but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we apply this to the miserable monarch whose life and reign have here been under consideration, how awful and weighty must be the load of responsibility attached to him. Condense into one view, if possible, the rapacity, the falsehood, the despotic conduct, the treachery, the cruelty, the consequent bloodshed, the national distress, and all the thousand other evils which blotted his bad reign, making it

"One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate."

The reflection would be repellent, and unless the mind had become callous

"Vice in his high career would stand appall'd  
And heedless, rambling impulse learn to think."

Nor was the mischief of his misgovernment merely retrospective. Hatred, malice, and revenge rankled in the minds of the survivors after the battle of Evesham, and blood and murder crowned the quarrel full two years after the land had been at rest; and the King's own relations had part both in the action and in the suffering of the bloody deed. Yet, says the historian, he *died in peace*!—And, perhaps, he did. His understanding was none of the strongest, he complied with all the forms of his church, he purchased her peace by building temples of Religion, and by giving large endowments, and he had never been of a blood-thirsty nature, although he had been the means of so much blood-spilling. Alas! Alas! The erring human heart!

### Foreign Summary.

The *Cambridge Chronicle* states that the British Association will visit Cambridge for the second time in 1845.

THE IRISH DEBATE.—The number of speeches delivered during the nine days' debate was sixty-three!

Sir George Smart is about to retire from public life, after an honourable career of half a century, and will confine himself entirely to tuition.

OF 30 sail of the line that could be made available in an emergency, there are 17 at Portsmouth and Devonport reported complete in the master shipwright's department, in addition to two large frigates.

A SPRING FANCY.—The green book of nature is open, and the four winds are turning the leaves. Nature, chief secretary of the creative world, is busy inditing many a lovely poem, her sonnets of tufted primroses, her lyrical out-gushings of light and shadow, and many an illustrative picture to garnish the *Universal Annual*.

THE LARGEST ROOM.—It is stated to be a fact, that the largest room that was ever constructed is that in which the tobacco stores are kept in the London Docks. That room is said to cover nearly six acres, being, of course, under one roof! It is a curious circumstance, that this enormous apartment should be devoted to an article of mere luxury; not one of the necessities of life—meat or bread, or drink of any kind—but to an article of enjoyment.

Mrs. LOUDON.—We hear with pleasure that the appeal to the public on behalf of the widow and daughter of the late Mr. Loudon has not been made in vain. Upwards of £1,000 worth of his works have already been purchased by generous patrons.

Literary Gazette.

From Alexandria, we hear that the Pasha is about to rout one more of the monsters of the desert—by boring for water between Cairo and Suez, which he expects to find, sweet, at the depth of 1,000 feet. For this purpose he is awaiting an apparatus, ordered from England, calculated for boring to the depth of 1,500 feet.

Lord Lyndhurst is in bad health: his constitution has latterly been much shaken. Some days since, his lordship declined an invitation to the Goldsmiths' Company, stating, as his reason, the positive injunction of his medical adviser to abstain in future from all public entertainments.

Morning Herald.

The *National* announces that it is intended to open a subscription at Paris to purchase a sword of honour to be presented to Admiral Dupetit Thouars. "who has been disavowed in so cowardly a manner by M. Guizot." A sword of honour to the brave admiral who conquered a woman!

A DISHONEST AUTHOR.—A case, in which the proprietors of the journal *Le Presse* were plaintiffs, and M. Eugene Sue defendant, was tried on Wednesday, by the civil tribunal of the Seine. M. E. Sue having announced his intention of publishing, in 10 volumes, a new novel, to be called "*Le Juif Errant*," was offered 5,000*fr.* per volume by the *Presse*, with a view of publishing it in the feuilleton of that journal, and, according to the statement of the counsel for the plaintiff, he had agreed to accept the offer; but M. Verrou, of the *Constitutionnel*, having offered him 10,000*fr.* per volume, he refused to fulfil the contract with the *Presse*. For the defendant it was contended, that he had not bound himself to accept the price offered by the *Presse*; and the court, taking this view of the case, nonsuited the plaintiffs.



## Imperial Parliament.

## SUPPLY.—ARMY ESTIMATES.

House of Commons, March 4.

On the motion for going into a committee of supply, in order to consider the army and ordnance estimates, Mr. WILLIAMS commented on the general amount of these estimates, complaining that in reckoning the police and the embodied pensioners, in addition to the regular military force, we had a standing army of no less than 163,488 men, which was upwards of 33,000 more than on an average of the last 24 years. He commented generally on the constitution of the army, and asked if we kept up so large a military force, how could Sir Robert Peel fulfil his pledge of taking off the income tax in three years.

Sir ROBERT PEEL exclaimed, "I made no such promise!"

Mr. WILLIAMS proposed that the estimates should be referred to a select committee.

After a few words from Sir HENRY HARDINGE, the amendment was withdrawn.

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD adverted to the unconstitutional nature of the vast standing army which we are now called on to maintain. Its necessity arose from no disaffection of the working classes towards the monarchy or the constituted authorities of the country, but because we neglected their interests, robbed them of their rights, and oppressed them with an undue share of our heavy taxation. He admitted, however, that there was no such feeling, either in the country or within the house, as would justify him in persevering with motions obstructive of supply, though to mark his own feelings, and of those who concurred with him, he moved a resolution condemnatory of the principle of maintaining a large standing army, as being subversive of constitutional right and the liberties of the people.

Dr. BOWRING and Mr. FIELDEN supported the amendment, which, on a division, was rejected by 87 to 8.

The house then went into committee of supply, and Sir HENRY HARDINGE proposed the army estimates. Military events during recent years—insurrection in Canada, wars in Afghanistan and China—had caused a great accumulation of our force abroad, many regiments of which had far exceeded the legitimate period of foreign service, and required relief. To afford that relief on a sufficient and effective scale, a large force was requisite at home; and this was the true reason for the increase, and not, as had been alleged, the desire to maintain a large standing army. Running over the different votes, with explanatory comments, he concluded with asking a grant for the land service, exclusive of the East India Company's service, of 100,195 men, the total sum required for the army estimates being £5,984,000.

Mr. WILLIAMS, not being satisfied with the reasons assigned for the increase of the army, moved a reduction of 40,000 men. Our Chinese and Afghan wars were now concluded, and there was, therefore, less occasion for so large a force. On a division, Mr. Williams's amendment was rejected by 114 to 12.

The first vote, after another discussion respecting the enrolment of the Chelsea pensioners, was passed, as were one or two others, when the committee suspended its labours; and the house adjourned.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 1-2 per cent. prem.

## THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1844.

By the Packet-ship *Queen of the West*, we have English files of a couple of days later than the Mail-packet; they do not contain much of importance.

**THE INCOME TAX.**—It may startle some, though it by no means startles us, to find that the Premier does not contemplate the abolition of the Income Tax. True it is that there were members of the House of Commons who so far confided in Sir Robert Peel's manner of introducing that measure, as to consider him pledged to take the tax off at the end of three years. He certainly did not pledge himself to do so, and therefore, according to the letter of his proposition, he cannot be accused of a breach of faith, but judged by its spirit, he undergoes that accusation fully; for he was aware of the unpopularity of the tax, and knew the necessity of gilding the pill in order to induce his patient, the Public, to swallow it. The truth was, Sir Robert Peel was about to try an experiment; twice had the patient kicked and made wry faces at this nostrum of the State doctors, and had even proceeded so far as to grumble out that it should not be tried again; it was not without misgivings, therefore, the dose was offered this last time, and the physician has been anxiously watching the effects. In plain language, if Sir Robert Peel had found himself obliged to abandon the tax as too odious to be borne, he would have claimed credit for redeeming his pledge, by abandoning the measure. As it is, however, the people grumble at Commissioners and Collectors, but pay their proportions; the tax itself supplies an important sum to the revenue, the minister fancies he has discovered that the people, like Jack at the gangway, "will grin and bear it," and therefore he comes out boldly with the assertion that "he made no such promise."

It is much to be regretted that an impost like an Income Tax, or a Property Tax, which is the fairest and most equitable system of taxation in the world if viewed in the abstract, should involve, in carrying it out, the perpetration of more moral evil, bad feelings, and discontent, than all other taxes whatever; and this is the reason why a government, which should always keep practical effects in view, ought to be extremely cautious in having resort to it, and when they have done so, should take the earliest opportunity, of their own motion, to take it off again. This last would be an assurance to the people that it had been done of necessity, and that the government was really anxious to diminish the necessary evil as far as possible. As two of the principal ends of Taxation are the preservation and protection of property, and the protection of individuals in the attainment and enjoyment of income, so therefore ought Property and Income to contribute the most liberally towards those ends; but inasmuch as the Income tax prys into every man's ledger, into his private affairs, discovers the losses he would fain hide, the difficulties in which he may be involved, and which he may hope quietly and silently to surmount, the state of his commercial credit, which he may be honestly anxious to enlarge, embarrassments, the pub-

lication of which may prove his ruin, the thousand other items of vexation which this inquisitorial tax stirs up, the pertinacity of Commissioners in levying upon a good period of business without regard to the bad season to be set against it;—all these are awful temptations to mankind to vary from the truth, to make some persons exaggerate and others diminish the real state of the case; to induce falsehood, perjury, and other demoralizing habits, to undo much which a good education may have done, and to commit a mortal injury on the condition of society. These are considerations which a good government should never lose sight of, for the very frame-work of society depends upon the moral rectitude and inherent sense of good faith and truth of its members.

These considerations apart, we rejoice that the revenue is such as to cover the great expenses which the foreign and domestic transactions of the United Kingdom have caused. It is a mistake to say that she keeps up a standing army, although her military force is exceedingly large at present. The army legally exists but from year to year, when the country is at peace, and its existence at all is through the mutiny act, which requires to be annually renewed; any accession of force is by special motion, and its object is defined. Hence, though there is a large amount of troops in Canada, another in Ireland, another in India, and another in China, besides those of smaller numbers in the various dependencies of the British empire, yet is there not a standing army in the invidious sense of the term. The troops now in British pay have been and are of essential service both to its prosperity and the advantage of the world in general, we are glad, therefore, to perceive that the Army estimates are upon a liberal scale, and that the British treasury is able to meet them.

We would fain hope, however, though we little expect, that Sir Robt. Peel would find some substitute for the odious Income Tax, although its noxious properties be only in their execution, not in their principle. Purity of soul is not expected in human society, and legislatures have to guard against what may be done, as well as what will be done.

We have received the following tribute to American genius from our Lowell correspondent, to which we gladly give place.

"Mr. Bigelow, an ingenious young artisan, has invented a power loom, for weaving Ingrain Carpets: it is a splendid piece of machinery and does great credit to the artist; it is capable of doing more than the ordinary hand-loom, and can with great ease be managed by a girl. I was much pleased, whilst examining it, to see how mathematically exact it works. While the shuttle is passing from one box to another, if the thread breaks it at once stops, and when any change is necessary a small bell, attached to the machinery, informs the girl in attendance what is wanted. It is truly astonishing to see the rapid march of science.

"To the Lowell company the people of this country are indebted for bringing this beautiful machine to its present high state of perfection; they have expended nearly \$100,000 in building and erecting machines; they have now put up 50 looms, about one-third of which are in active operation; the carpets produced are of excellent quality, and will bear comparison with any manufactured.

"Mr. Bigelow has likewise completed a machine for the manufacture of Brussels carpet, which is confidently expected to excel all his other inventions in point of simplicity, and, from the opinions I have heard from the best mechanics here, there is every prospect of its success.

He is now manufacturing Coach lace at the cost of 2½ cents per yard, which formerly, by hand weaving, cost 20 cents, shewing the great difference in favour of the power machine of 17½ cents per yard. To these great improvements he has added the manufacture of the Marseilles quilt, which is now produced with nearly as much facility as cotton cloth, the raised figures on the surface shewing every variety of pattern. This description of work has seldom been attempted in this country, having formerly all been made by the hand-loom, and required a very experienced workman—now a girl, with a few weeks' practice, can manage one of the power looms with the greatest ease. I am informed that a paragraph has gone the rounds of the papers, stating that the inventor had got an offer from England of £80,000 for the Patent. A gentleman connected with the Lowell Company assured me that it is not correct, but that Mr. Bigelow has taken out a patent in England.

**ELOCUTIONARY EXERCISES.**—On Monday evening last, the Quarterly exhibition of Elocutionary exercises by the young gentlemen, pupils of the Rev. R. Townsend Huddart, 422 Houston Street, was given at Niblo's Saloon. Much was expected at this exhibition in consequence of the excellence with which the pupils had acquitted themselves on the previous occasion, and an audience of certainly not fewer than eight hundred of the most distinguished persons in this city for taste and discernment was assembled. Nor were they disappointed in their anticipations; twenty-three young persons, all of highly promising talents, presented themselves for the honours of the evening; their names being as follows: Masters R. Hamilton, J. Nielson, H. Gomez, B. Dix, W. B. Parsons, T. N. Stanton, F. R. Routh, L. B. Henry, N. Prime, P. Rogers, W. Zimmerman, G. B. Alley, C. F. Wetmore, W. Murray, M. Morgan, H. Morgan, R. Furniss, J. M. Wilson, H. B. Livingston, A. B. Neilson, W. Neilson, G. Furniss, and J. Huddart. The business of the exhibition was under the conduct of Mr. W. S. Hows, the very excellent professor of Elocution; in the establishment. The exercises were in the English and French languages, and were in the highest degree creditable both to the speakers and their teacher. Being, however, all from the works of the best writers whose works are published, except two, there is no occasion to remark on those texts. The two exceptions were the Introductory Speech, delivered by Master R. Hamilton, and the Valedictory Address, spoken by Master L. B. Henry, both of which were the genuine effusions of the speakers, and it is only bare justice to say that they evinced good feeling, good taste, a correct know-



ledge of grammatical principles, and were far—very far, beyond the mere declamations of tasked speeches.

We could point out several others, besides the two whom we have for sufficient cause distinguished, who well deserved the applauses they received, but it is unnecessary to do so, and might be deemed invidious towards the one or two whose efforts were not so fortunate; and, as it should always be the aim to stir up emulation, not envy, farther personal remarks would be out of place.

With respect to such exhibitions, we think they cannot be too much encouraged, provided they do not trench upon other important business. They are the sources of honest pride to the anxious preceptor, they not only stimulate the exertions but they draw forth the faculties of the pupils; and they must be grateful to the hearts of the parents and friends of those who signalize themselves, whilst they will urge, on all, the importance of a solid education.

The "Charter Election," as it is usually termed, in this city, has just terminated, and a new party—at least as regards its practical operations—has carried the field by an immense majority. This Party is called the "Native American," and its professed objects are, firstly, to prefer native citizens over those who are only naturalized, for municipal offices; secondly, to effect the government of the city independently of national party spirit; and, thirdly, as their ulterior object, to make the possession of citizenship depend upon a much longer probation than the present one of five years. The "Native American Party" have elected for Mayor, James Harper, Esq., a member of the well-known and respected firm of Harper & Brothers, Publishers.

By various accounts we learn that the question of the Annexation of Texas to the United States, is warmly pressed, and will probably take place; should it be so, Texas will only be admitted at first as a Territory. In a commercial point of view this would be a highly important move, for it would thereby continue to the United States the supply of that almost universal article of demand, Cotton. Whether the arguments of another nature militating against such a junction, are of a quality to preponderate against that of the Cotton supply, we do not undertake to assert, but the question itself is one of the greatest moment to this country. It is said that last year not less than 100,000 bales of Cotton were raised there, notwithstanding the unsettled condition of the country.

\*.\* If we were inclined to preternit the notice of Joseph Gillott's admirable pens, the articles themselves would not permit us such a neglect; the one we use in writing these remarks has been well used by us for almost a month, and it performs its office as glibly and as pleasantly as ever. We recommend to all who are conscious of the advantage which a flexible and easy pen can confer, to direct their steps to 51 John Street, where they can be suited with all sorts, sizes, and qualities.

#### DEATH OF MAJOR-GENERAL MORGAN LEWIS.

On Sunday last, the 7th inst., the venerable Major-General Morgan Lewis departed this life at the great age of nearly four-score and ten years. An universal testimonial of his worth in the estimation of his fellow citizens was manifested from the very moment of his death, for it became the one general subject of conversation and regret. In every department of life he is admitted to have been a worthy example, and all classes of society seemed desirous to pay the last offices of respect to his remains. His funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon; it was a public one and conducted with a splendor and a solemnity befitting the occasion and the object. The procession moved from his late residence in Leonard Street a little before 4 o'clock, and proceeded towards St. Paul's Church, in Broadway, in the following order—Military Band, with muffled drums; General Officers, each with his Staff, four deep; the Society of Free and Accepted Masons, of which the deceased had been Grand Master; Clergymen, with Scarfs; The Body, with the following Pall Bearers, viz., Major Popham, Chancellor Kent, Chief Justice Jones, Judge Pendleton, and Philip Hone, Jonathan Goodhue, Walter Bowne, Wm. Bard, and Thomas Morris, Esqs.; the Chief Mourners; The Cincinnati Society, of which the deceased was President; the Officers of the Army and Navy; the St. David's Benevolent Society, of which the deceased was formerly President; the Mayor and Common Council; and numerous citizens, two and two. The Service was performed by Rev. Dr. Taylor, and the body was deposited temporarily in a vault of the Church until their removal yesterday to its final earthly resting place, the family tomb at Hyde Park.

The New York "Republic" adds the following anecdote:—

"When all had passed out, Major Popham, the venerable companion of the deceased, and the now President of the order of the Cincinnati, leaning on the relatives of the deceased, approached the coffin, and, as he gazed steadfastly on it, said, 'My dear brother, farewell! I will follow you ere long!' It was a scene of affecting interest to see that drooping form bidding a last, a solemn farewell to the cold remains of one who shared with him in the stirring events of the Revolution, and who, through a life of more than ordinary duration, had been his friend, his companion, and his counsellor. Together they had followed many a brother patriot to the tomb, and mourned over the narrowing circle of their ancient order. And now he stood, the last survivor of the original members of that order, beside the coffin of his brother Cincinnati, in the full knowledge that the tomb would shortly claim him, too, for its tenant. It was a sight which will long be remembered by the few who witnessed it, in silence and in tears."

#### Literary Notices.

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOLMASTER.—Among the most recent publications which have been laid on our table is one that deserves, nay it also demands, more attention than a mere announcement of its appearance. Addressing itself, as it does, to the most vital interests of the community, pene-

trating into the very heart of its *morale*, connected with its physical health, tending directly to its political and social prosperity, ramifying, in fact, through every stream of human existence, it would be a dereliction of duty in one who professedly presumes to offer suggestions to the public, to let slip the opportunity of calling general consideration to the work to which we now allude. It is called "The School and the Schoolmaster," and it is intended, says the title, as "a Manual for the use of Teachers, Employers, Inspectors, &c., &c., of Common Schools." The work is in two parts; that on "The Schools" is from the pen of Alonzo Potter, D.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in Union College, New York; and that on "The Schoolmaster," by George B. Emerson, A.M., of Boston, Massachusetts, who has had long and great experience as a practical teacher of youth.

Such a work as this, though confessedly intended for more direct application to Common Schools, must necessarily include the general principles of education, and accordingly we find that the enquiries of the able and zealous writers of this publication have been directed towards the human faculties for the reception of information, the most useful and valuable instruction that can be imparted, the best modes of communicating it, the qualifications, both moral and intellectual, of teachers, and the locations and circumstances best adapted for carrying out so important a work as the education of youth. In justice we must add that it has been examined by the Superintendent of Common Schools for the State of New York, and has become an authorised text book. The subjects considered by Dr. Potter are the following: Education in the abstract, the errors that are apt to creep in with regard to its nature and end, its importance generally both to Society and to Individuals, and the consideration of that kind which is best adapted to American institutions. He then enters into details of the different systems and plans, and the structure of School-houses and premises; in all of which matters it is evident that he has been a careful observer, and is a zealous worker for the advantage of the rising generation. He likewise points out, in a very lucid manner, the relation of Common Schools to those of a higher order, and the general tendency of both kinds, when properly cultivated.

The Second Part, by Mr. Emerson, is one of incalculable importance, being a close and circumstantial consideration of the qualifications of a teacher. It is not the mere man of routine, the performer, however fully, of prescribed duties, the cold, unanxious man, who cares for no more than the fulfilment of a duty for a consideration, that will do for Mr. Emerson. It is true he seeks for one who possesses the various kinds of knowledge necessary to be communicated, with a happy mode of imparting it; one, in fact, who knows both the science and the art of education; it is true he seeks for good temper and self-government in such a man, and one who, by his own example, can supply a model for the conduct and deportment of those who should look up to him; but there is something more, according to Mr. Emerson, necessary for the completion of a good Teacher's character. He must be imbued with the consciousness of the onerous duties to be performed by him, and must be *benevolently* anxious to do them to the uttermost. He must be *instant* "in season and out of season," not forgetting that their future welfare, and even their immortal souls, are measurably in his hands, and that he is in the light of a steward whose accounts will finally be demanded. This is the general scope of Mr. Emerson's writing in the work before us, but the subdivisions of it are clear, distinct, and perspicuous. We earnestly ask of Parents, Guardians, Teachers, and intelligent Pupils, to possess themselves of this valuable work, to read and ponder it attentively, and to act upon the convictions which it cannot fail to produce.

YOUNG KATE, OR THE RESCUE. *A Tale of the great Kanawha.* New York: Harpers.—This is a species of tale greatly useful, as well as highly entertaining. It is useful because it describes vividly the manners and habits of early settlers who take up their residences in advance of others towards the west; it describes the loose modes of survey and assignment of lands which formerly were practised, and the frauds which land agents could formerly commit. As a story it is exceedingly well told, reminding us much of the style of W. G. Simms, in his "Yemassee" and other works.

LITERARY REMAINS OF WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. No. I. Edited by his brother, Lewis G. Clark. New York: Burgess, Stringer, & Co.—We are glad to see that the respected editor is so prompt in redeeming his promise to give the world the collected writings of the admired and regretted Willis G. Clark. The talented author was happily one whose writings were appreciated and sought after during his lifetime, and he had the gratification of knowing that he both informed and entertained his fellow men; the Editor therefore is doing good service in thus giving farther extension to their usefulness, and in thus bringing them all together in the condensed state of a book. The number before us is most elegantly produced; it contains a sketch of the author's life, and the commencement of the "Ollapodiana," the neatest piece of gossip, of our times.

A COMPENDIUM OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. By Robert A. Coffin, A.M.—New York: W. E. Dean.—This is an arduous, inglorious, but honourable task in Mr. Coffin; he has sought to simplify the principles of Natural Philosophy, to strip it as much as possible of technicalities, to adapt it for use as a school book, to render it entertaining, to illustrate it by the aid of good diagrams and cuts, to apply the principles to practice by supposed examples, to teach the proper calculations according to the true principle of each branch, and to draw, from the whole, conclusions to the honour, glory, and beneficence of the Almighty Father of all science and philosophy. It is the cleverest little work we have met with, as a school text book, and we heartily trust it will be largely adopted in places of education.



## Music and Musical Intelligence.

## MUSIC IN EUROPE.

From latest Correspondence.

Madame Castellan made her debut in Paris at the great Concert given by *La France Musicale* to its subscribers on the 27th of February. Her voice has been found admirable, and the cantatrice has been pretty well received.

Alkan has created a new style on the pianoforte. Artists speak of his compositions and performances with great enthusiasm.

All the harmonic and scientific musical world of Paris have been put in revolution, by the public and free lessons given by J. Fétis, on the history and theory of Harmony. Great discussions have been instituted by Fétis and Barbareau, and new lights will be the indubitable result of them.

"Corrado d'Altamura," music by F. Ricci, has proved a decided failure. The Paris newspapers reproach the manager of the Italian Opera as having absolutely lost time in getting up such a miserable score, which is in fact composed of quotations from *Rossini*, *Donizetti*, *Pacini*, *Mercadante*, *L. Ricci*, &c. &c.

The new ballet, "Lady Henriette," which was to have for title, "Un Caprice," has been very successful; the two sisters *Dumilatre* are very interesting in that new composition. The music of *Burgmüller* is very lively.

"Cagliostro," the new comic opera by *Ad. Adam*, has had great success. The libretto is witty and very amusing; the music is delightful.

MADAME UNBECK HELLBERG'S CONCERT.—This Concert was given on Thursday week, and it brought before the public, for the first time, a *débutante* possessing a most splendid vocal organ of great compass, but who is utterly unskilled in using it to advantage. There is, to use a hacknied phrase, "the making" of a first-rate vocalist in *Madame Hellberg*, her voice rings true, it is pure and clear in the uppermost notes, deep and rich in her lowest ones. We cannot tell whether she has much flexibility, for we never saw any one come before the public with so little tact and preparation. We listened to each note with unaffected delight, but the *tout ensemble* was very ineffective, a gentleman who sat near us pointed out what was wanting exactly. "Let her put her person in the charge of *Madame Ferrari*," said he, "and her voice into that of *De Begnis*, and she will quickly become fit for a *prima donna*." To which we would add, let her not appear again until she have made some such preparation. On this occasion *Mr. Barton* assisted, and played the flute in neat style; some of his passages were executed with delicate taste and feeling, but we confess that once or twice, in very rapid passages, there was some scrambling or want of clearness. *Mr. Wallace* also played the Violin and gave what was called the *Paganini "Carnival of Venice,"* but this it was not. That great master had a plot and dialogue throughout the piece, but, on the occasion we here speak of, we had variation after variation, and caprice after caprice, of *Mr. Wallace*, many of which shewed certainly the difficulties he could accomplish, but had little about them of a pleasing nature.

CONCERT IN AID OF THE FUNDS OF THE ITALIAN BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—This was in some sort a failure, the attendance being much smaller than had been anticipated from the bill of performances. *De Begnis*, who was present, was too hoarse to speak, much more to sing, but he had an able *locum tenens* in *Sig. Sanguirico*, a stranger just arrived, and possessed of a good barytone voice and buffo qualities in action. *Antognini* was reported sick, and in short the whole bill was altered. *Borghese* sang exceedingly well except in the *Chanson*, in which she accompanied herself on the Piano, and which we have not forgotten as sung by *Cinti Damoreau*. The most delightful performance of the evening, however, was the piece for Flute and Clarinet *obligati*, by *Messrs. Kyle and Groenvelt*. It was a composition by *Clinton* of London, but by an awkward mistake one of the finest passages in it, a variation for the flute, was left out of the copy. This caused a slight confusion, and the missing part was passed over. The performance was greatly and deservedly applauded.

NEW YORK VOCAL SOCIETY.—The third concert of this admirable Society took place at the Apollo Saloon, Broadway, on Thursday evening last; it was a secular one, and what will our distant readers (lovers of music) say when we inform them of the rich treat that was prepared, and of the exquisite manner of serving it up! The *Madrigals* consisted of *Ford's* (1620) "Since first I saw your face," of the *Paestrina*, (1570) "When Flowery Meadows," of *Morley's* (1597) "Fire! Fire!" of *Orlando Gibbons' (1612)* "The Silver Swan," of *Ferriti's* (1580) "Sigh not, fond Shepherd," of *Gibbons' (1612)* "O that the learned Poets," and of *Festa's* (1541) "Down in a flowery vale." These were of course sung without accompaniments, and the sweet combination of numerous human voices of all the requisite qualities, in fine exercise, command, and restraint, produced emotions but too delightful for description. These were not all the delights however, for we had "The Student's Serenade," from *Benedict's* new opera of "The Gypsy's Warning," the *Glees* of "Where the bee sucks," "Ye spotted snakes," and "By Celia's arbour," given in most excellent taste, and one piece only of Instrumental music, consisting of a Trio on the Piano, Violin, and Violoncello, played in—we need hardly say—a most masterly style, by *Messrs. Timm, Marks, and Milon*. Nothing could surpass the satisfaction of the audience, and the permanent establishment of this Society may now be considered accomplished.

The fourth and last concert of the Society, for this season, will be a sacred one, and we have heard it whispered that it will be *Spohr's "Last Judgment."*

NEW MUSIC.—Just published by *Wm. H. Oakes*, 197 Washington Street, Boston:—

"I'll shed no tear, though thou art false." Both the poetry and the music of this song are by *Mr. S. C. Massett*, a very promising *basso cantante*, the genius of the composition being a little sombre and for a barytone voice. We cannot help imagining that *Mr. Massett* was thinking of a very great favorite of his when he set his words to music; we mean "My boyhood's home," in which he gathered his first laurels,—a plentiful harvest.

## The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—The engagement of *Mrs. Brougham* and *Mr. Wallack* has been a very profitable one to this house, notwithstanding the reduced prices. They are both accomplished artists and need but little assistance to make any theatre well attended. *Mr. Wallack* took his benefit, and made his final appearance this season, last night, on which occasion he played, for the first time, in that charming comedy "The Scholar," in which, at the National Theatre, he used to draw down torrents of applause.

BOWERY THEATRE.—At this theatre the performances partake of *spectacle*, consisting of "The Curfew Bell," "Der Freyschutz," and others. In the last-named the scenery is exquisite, and the diabolicals are diabolical enough; but there is a lack of musical talent for the performance of *Weber's* fine music, and to play the piece without the music is as bad as to perform "Hamlet" without the principal character.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—"Present success," it is said, "gives future encouragement." It would seem so by the proceedings here; for the popularity of the "Cinderella" has induced the manager to bring out the "Marriage of Figaro." We have not yet seen it, and will not give way to apprehensions, because *Mitchell* can almost accomplish impossibilities; but we are aware that the defects in the seemingly difficult music of *Rossini*, are more easily covered by the instrumentation, than the compositions of the classic *Mozart*. The latter are much severer tests of the vocal artist than the former.

## NEW VOLUME.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE ANGLO AMERICAN will be commenced on Saturday, the 27th day of April ensuing, and we have made arrangements that all future numbers shall be executed on paper unsurpassed in quality by that of any other journal whatsoever.

Our unceasing and sedulous cares to render THE ANGLO AMERICAN acceptable to the reading public, have been so successful, that the prospects of the Journal are no longer problematical, the increase of our subscription list has been far beyond ordinary expectation, it has been onward and steady during the whole time we have been before the public, and our regard to prudent economy has thrown us out of early numbers to a degree which has caused great disappointment to applicants and much regret to ourselves. With the expectations which we feel now justified to entertain, and with the experience which we have had of the past, we have resolved to commence the NEW VOLUME with a heavy edition, but would recommend an early application for the work, to prevent disappointment, as a large circulation is confidently anticipated.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN has been noticed by the contemporary Press, both of the United States and of the British Provinces, to an extent that has hardly ever been experienced by any hebdomadal, and the encomiums which have been bestowed upon it by hundreds of Editorial writers, with whom we have had neither intercourse nor connexion, encourage us in the belief that our labours have been acceptable to the public generally; and we can assure our readers that we are stimulated thereby to proceed vigorously, in the hope that we shall still continue to secure their approbation. Neither money nor exertions shall be spared to place it in the first rank of the literary and news Journals of the day. Great care is taken that nothing objectionable to good taste or correct morals shall find admission into its columns, thus fitting it, in all respects, for the family circle.

The Engraved Portrait of WASHINGTON, which we present to every new subscriber for an entire year, is one of the most magnificent specimens of art that has ever been put forth in this country; it is of large dimensions, being a full length figure, and the plate being 24 inches by 16. It is copied from the celebrated painting by *Stuart*, which adorns the State House at Hartford, Conn., and has been pronounced by many who knew the distinguished subject of the picture personally and intimately a most accurate and spirited likeness. With our Journal at so low a price, and with this fine engraving. The Anglo American may fairly be deemed the cheapest publication in the world.

## PARK THEATRE.

MONDAY EVENING, April 13, 1844.—First night of *Mr. BOOTH'S* Engagement—"Richard III.," and first night of the Extravaganza of "Fortunio, or the Seven Gifted Champions."

TUESDAY.—Second night of *Mr. BOOTH'S* Engagement—"A New Way to Pay Old Debts," and "Fortunio."

WEDNESDAY.—Third night of *Mr. BOOTH'S* Engagement—"The Apostate," and "Fortunio."

THURSDAY.—Fourth night of *Mr. BOOTH'S* Engagement—"King John," and "Fortunio."

FRIDAY.—Last night of *Mr. BOOTH'S* Engagement—"Richard III.," and "Fortunio."

SATURDAY.—*Mr. BOOTH'S* Benefit—"Brutus," "Mayor of Garratt," and other entertainments.

## VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

*MR. W. J. DAVIS* respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his Concert will take place on Monday Evening, April 22, at the Apollo Saloon, on which occasion he will be assisted by a large Orchestra, and by the most eminent talent, both Vocal and Instrumental.

Further particulars will be shortly announced.

Ap. 13-2t

*W. RUSSELL'S* NEW COLLECTION OF AMERICAN SEEDLINGS.—AZALIAS, RHODODENDRONS, GERANIUMS, ROSES, and DAHLIAS, are now many of them in fine bloom at the Garden and Conservatories in Henry Street, near the South Ferry, Brooklyn, (late establishment of *Mr. Perry*). His new variety of RHODODENDRON GRANDIFLORA, is the most magnificent flowering plant now in this Country, and cannot be seen elsewhere. His new Azalias consist of both Greenhouse and hardy Garden varieties; his new DAHLIAS, LADY ASHBURTON, and *MRS. WEESTER*, are now for sale, in roots or plants, from \$2 to 50 cents each.

BOUQUETS, beautifully made up, at reasonable prices.

Ap. 13-3t. i.s.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.—The 58th Anniversary of this Society will be celebrated at the Astor House, on Tuesday the 23rd inst. Members and their friends wishing to dine with the Society on that day, can obtain Tickets by applying to any of the following Stewards:—

*Mr. Richard Clarke*, 86 Maiden Lane.

*Mr. Septimus Crookes*, 91 John Street.

*Mr. James Owen*, 138 Pearl Street.

*Mr. Joseph Harvey*, 17 William Street.

Dinner on the Table at half-past 5 o'clock.

Ap. 13-2t.

TO THE PUBLIC.—SIGNORA AMALIA VALTELLINA, my lawful and legitimate consort, has hitherto retained her maiden name of *Majocchi*, according to the custom prevailing amongst theatrical ladies in both worlds. Owing to some false, ungenerous, malignant and cowardly insinuations made in a weekly paper of this city, against which I will take such measures as I shall think proper, she will hereafter in all public or private transactions, be designated under her legal name of "Amalia Valtellina."

*Messrs. Editors* of the New York Herald, the American, the Sun, the Courier and Enquirer, the Express, the Tribune, the Courier des Etats-Unis, and the Anglo American, are respectfully requested to give the above two insertions in their columns, and send their bills to No. 292 Broadway, with one copy of the paper.

Ap. 6-2t.

ATTILIO VALTELLINA.

*MISS KEOGH* would respectfully inform her Friends and the Public, that she will continue her School at her present residence, 308 Bowery.

*Miss Keogh* is desirous to obtain four Boarders between the age of 8 and 12 years, to whose improvement, in a moral, religious, and intellectual point of view, every attention shall be paid. Professors of the first talent are employed, so that the Pupils have the same advantages as those have, who attend more expensive Establishments.

Mar. 30-4t.



E. BRYAN, SURGEON DENTIST,  
MEMBER OF THE "AMERICAN SOCIETY OF DENTAL SURGEONS,"  
80 Chamber-street, near Broadway,

**R**ESPECTFULLY notifies the public and those who were his patrons during his former residence, of fifteen years, in Chamber-st., Warren-st., Murray-st., and Broadway, that he has recently returned from the West Indies, and continues the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, embracing the latest improvements in the art, on moderate terms. Those unacquainted with his professional standing are, by permission, referred to Dr. VALENTINE MOTT, Dr. JOHN C. CHEESEMAN, Dr. FRANCIS E. BERGER, and ISAAC J. GREENWOOD, Esq., DENTIST.

N.B.—He will remove on the first of May, to No. 54 Warren-st. Ap. 6-11.

**TO AMATEURS ON THE FLUTE.**—Mr. Barton, (pupil of the late C. Nicholson,) respectfully begs to announce that it is his intention to give instruction on the Flute. Mr. Barton professes to teach according to the method purified by the celebrated master, Charles Nicholson.

For terms and particulars application may be made at Signor Godone, Music Store, Broadway, and Mr. Stoddart's Pianoforte manufactory. Jan. 20-11.

**FOR SALE.**—Palmo's (late) Concert and Coffee-rooms, comprising the Stage fixtures, bar, stock and good will, corner of Chambers-street and Broadway, in consequence of the Proprietor leaving for England. Apply at 104 Chambers-street between 4 and 5 P.M. Mar. 23-11.

WELLMAN, WEBSTER AND NORTON,  
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANTS,  
No. 75 Camp-street, New Orleans.

L. J. Webster, A. L. Norton, H. B. Wellman.  
Reference—G. Merle, Esq., Wilson & Brown, and Lee Dater & Miller, N. Y.  
Aug. 26-11.

#### TAMMANY HALL, (RE-OPENED.)

Corner of Nassau and Frankfort-streets, fronting the Park and City Hall, N. Y.

**THE PROPRIETOR** of this well known establishment having recently at great expense enlarged, refitted, and newly furnished it in a style that will bear comparison with any Public House in the Union, is now ready to accommodate travellers and others who may visit the city. The Lodging Rooms are large and airy, and fitted with the best of beds and furniture; the Refectory, in the basement, is arranged in a style chaste and neat, where refreshments are furnished at any hour from 6 A.M. to 12 P.M. On the first floor, fronting the Park, is a Sitting Room for boarders; adjoining is a retired Reading Room, which, together with the general conveniences of the House, make it a very desirable stopping place for the man of business or leisure—it being in the vicinity of all the Places of Amusement, and but a short distance from the business portion of the city. The charge for Lodgings has been reduced as well as the rate of refreshments. The attendance is of the first order. While the Proprietor returns thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on this House by a generous public, he hopes by unremitting exertions, strict attention to business, and the wants of his customers to merit a continuation of the same. Mar. 16-11.

#### MCGREGOR HOUSE, UTICA, N. Y.

**THIS ESTABLISHMENT** situated near the intersection of Whitesboro and Genesee Streets, on the site of the old Burchard place, one of the oldest tavern stands in this section of the State, has lately been opened for the reception of guests, under the supervision of the proprietor, JAMES MCGREGOR.

And it is believed that the accommodations it affords are such as to induce the travelling public, if they desire GOOD FARE, PROMPT ATTENDANCE, and commodious, well lighted, and well ventilated apartments, to make it their home during their stay in the city.

The House and Furniture are entirely new. The building was erected last year, under the immediate direction of the proprietor, who has endeavored in all its internal arrangements to embrace every modern improvement designed to contribute to the comfort and pleasure of guests. The lodging rooms are spacious and convenient. A considerable part of the House has been apportioned into Parlors with sleeping rooms and closets attached. They are situated in pleasant parts of the House, and in finish and general arrangement are inferior to no apartments of a similar character in any Hotel West of New York.

In each department of Housekeeping the proprietor has secured the services of experienced and competent assistants, and he is confident that in all cases, those who honor him with their patronage will have no reason to leave his House dissatisfied, either with their fare, their rooms, their treatment, or with his Terms.

The "MCGREGOR HOUSE" is but a few rods distant from the Depot of the Eastern and Western Rail Roads, and the Northern and Southern Stage Offices. Travellers who desire to remain in the city during the stoppage of the Cars only, can at all times be accommodated with warm Meals. Porters will always be in attendance at the Rail Road Depot and at the Packet Boats to convey Baggage to the House, free of charge.

Attached to the House are the most commodious Yards and Stables, for the accommodation of those who journey with their own conveyances.

Utica, Nov. 1, 1843. JAMES MCGREGOR. [Mar. 9-11.]

#### JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

**THE SUBSCRIBER** begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following:—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.  
Do do do 2, fine do  
Do do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Calligraphic Pen, No. 5—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a groce, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—  
Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,  
Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,  
The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington.

The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

#### UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—  
Patent, Magnum Bonum,  
Victoria, Damascus,  
Eagle, New York Fountain,  
Peruvian,  
on cards and in boxes.

The public will best guard against the imposition of counterfeits by observing on each genuine Pen, the maker's name is stamped in full "Joseph GilloTT" and on every package a fac simile of his signature. For sale by stationers, and wholesale, by

HENRY JESSOP, 91 John-street, corner of Gold.  
A few prime Quarto Copying Presses, "GilloTT's," also for sale. Nov. 4-11.

#### OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

**THE OLD LINE** of Packets for Liverpool will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz:—

Ships.	Masters.	Days of Sailing from New York	Days of Sailing from Liverpool
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16
England,	S. Bartlett,	June 16, Oct. 16, Feb. 16	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1
Oxford,	J. Rathbone,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16
Montezuma, (new)	A. W. Lowber,	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1
Europe,	A. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16
New York,	Thos. B. Cropper,	Aug. 16, Dec. 16, April 16	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1
Columbus,	G. A. Cole,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1	Oct. 16, Feb. 16, June 16
Yorkshire, (new)	D. G. Bailey,	Sept. 16, Jan. 16, May 16	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1

Those ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of wines and liquors, which will be furnished by the stewards if required.

Neither the captains or the owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor.

For freight or passage, apply to

GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-street, or  
C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y.,  
and to BARING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.

Feb. 2.

#### ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 30 ENGRAVINGS IN EACH NUMBER. **THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**, Established May 14, 1842—a Pictured Family Newspaper, containing Essays on Public Affairs, Literature, Fine Arts, The Drama, Sporting Intelligence, Science, and a record of all the events of the week at home, abroad, or in the Colonies; the whole illustrated in a high style of art by engravers of the first eminence, printed in a form convenient for binding, and comprising 16 PAGES and 40 COLUMNS OF LETTER PRESS, in a typography consistent with the beauty and neatness of the Embellishments.

The Proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have no longer to usher fore the world a mere prospectus of a purpose and design. The project which they at first conceived in a spirit of sanguine ambition, has within a comparatively short period, been crowned with the most gratifying and unprecedented success. With the rapidity of tropical vegetation, their seed has grown to fruit, and the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is now the only FAMILY NEWSPAPER, properly so characterized, which, exceeding all its contemporaries in the amount of public patronage allotted to it, can claim a

#### CIRCULATION OF 50,000 COPIES.

and proudly takes rank as the first of all the weekly journals of the empire. The fact is a source of mingled gratitude and pride—of pride, because no expedients of imposition—no mean subterfuges have been resorted to, but a stand has been made upon the simple merits of a system which its proprietors have only now to study to improve into as much perfection as a newspaper can attain. To the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, the community are indebted for the first combination of all the varieties of public intelligence, with the fertile and exhaustless resources of the fine arts—the development of a new and beautiful means of extending and confirming the interests of society over all the topics within the circle of its life and action—the giving brighter presence and more vivid and palpable character and reality to every salient point and feature in the great panorama of public life.

And in the cementing of this new and happy union, the Editor of this newspaper has sought no adventitious aids to attain his purpose of success. He has not pandered to the prejudices of the high, nor the passions of the lower orders of society,—he has avowed the countenance of no party in the state or among the people, but taking the high ground of neutrality, has contented himself with the advocacy of justice, morality and truth—to raise the standard of public virtue—to palliate the distresses of the poor—to aid the benevolence of the rich—to give a healthy moral tone to the working of our social system—to uphold the great principles of humanity—to promote science—encourage belles lettres and beaux arts—foster genius and help the oppressed—in a word, to enlist all the nobler influences which impel the progress of civilization and tend to dignify the character alike of nations as of men. This should be the enlarged purpose of the honest public journalist, and to take its humble part in the promotion of such purpose is the cherished and avowed ambition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

To achieve this, the proprietors have not scrupled to enlist the first available talent, both in literature and art, and the consequence has been a declaration of public opinion in their favor and the recorded encouragement and welcome of the whole provincial press.

When this beautiful work is considered in all its details—the talent and skill of the artists—the elaborate execution of the engraver, notwithstanding the rapidity with which many of the engravings have been done—the varied talent displayed in the editorial department—the beauty of its printing—the quality of its paper, and, unlike all other newspapers, is well worthy of preservation, forming as it does a splendid volume every half year, and a work of art never surpassed,—besides various other items which could be enumerated, it must be acknowledged, that in these days of cheap literature, it is beyond comparison the greatest wonder that ever issued from the press.

The great success of the Illustrated London News renders it necessary that the public should be on their guard that inferior publications are not substituted for this paper.

The "Illustrated London News" is published every Saturday, and may be had of all the booksellers in the United States and Canada. Feb. 17-11.

"The Blood is the Life of the Flesh."—HOLY WRIT.

#### BRANDRETH'S PILLS PURIFY THE BLOOD.

**THAT** the blood is the life of the body, I presume is undisputed, therefore I shall say that it being the SEAT OF LIFE, it must also be the seat of disease. If disease be in the blood, we should abstract the disease only, not the blood itself. It is the impurities which must be removed by Brandreth's Pills to secure our health, in all states of the weather, in all situations, and in all climates. The blood, like a good spirit, is always trying to benefit the body by its struggles to expel impurities. But it is not capable to effect its own purification at all times; to do this it must often have assistance. When the blood is loaded with impurities, especially in this climate, the consequence may be fatal, provided the blood is not purified at once, and this is sure to be effected if Brandreth's Pills are used.

No time must be lost by the use of foolish remedies, such as bleeding or mercury, for they both only put off the evil day to make it more fatal. Even in inflammatory diseases bleeding never ought to be resorted to, for in nine cases out of ten it will take away the power of nature to effect the cure, even when aided by Brandreth's Pills. They can take out the impurities from the blood, but alas! they cannot put new blood into the body immediately, this requires time, but they CAN REGENERATE OLD BLOOD, but the old blood must be there. It is at all times easier to eradicate mercury from the system and restore the mercurialized being to full health, than it is to effect the restoration of the man who has repeatedly been bled. Bleeding and the effects of opium are the greatest antagonists the Brandreth's Pills have to contend against. Let us therefore be wise, and when sickness assails us, abstract the disease OUT OF THE BLOOD, not the blood out of the body, which bleeding does.

Now, Brandreth's Pills not only purify the blood, but they lessen the quantity, at the same time they make the quality better. They only take the worn out parts from the blood, those which it retained, would be a source of disease. The good effects which are derived from Brandreth's Pills have to be felt to be believed. The seeds of decay can be constantly eradicated by their use, and the PRINCIPLE OF LIFE—THE BLOOD—strengthened. Thus protracting vigor of body and mind to a period when we have been accustomed to see the faltering step and the enfeebled intellect.

Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the Blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed is to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and, generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life, they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In costiveness, so often, prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

The weak, the feeble, the infirm, the nervous, the delicate, are in a few days strengthened by Brandreth's Pills, and the worst complaints are removed by perseverance without the expense of a physician. Adapted to all circumstances and situations, they are the best medicines ever invented for families, or to take to sea, preventing scurvy and costiveness, requiring no change of diet, particular regimen, or care against taking cold.

All GENUINE BRANDRETH PILLS have six signatures of Doctor Brandreth on each box. Two on each label. Be careful of counterfeits.

Sold at 25 cents per box, at Dr. Brandreth's principal office, 241 Broadway, and also at his retail offices 276 Bowery, and 189½ Hudson-st.; and by Mrs. Booth, 5 Market-street, Brooklyn; Lyman & Co., Montreal; Rigney & Co., Toronto. Mar. 16-4m.

J. M. TRIMBLE, Carpenter, Theatre Alley, (between Ann and Beekman-streets,) New York.

Jobbing of every description executed on the most reasonable terms.  
Rooms of every description fitted up Neatly, Speedily, and Reasonably.

May 27-3m

#### NEW YORK AND BOSTON RAILROAD LINE.

VIA NORWICH AND WORCESTER.

**THE Steamboat WORCESTER**, Capt. J. H. Vanderbilt, will leave New York, from pier No. 1 North River, foot of Battery Place, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoon, at 5 o'clock.

Railroad cars leave for Boston immediately on the arrival of the Worcester, at Norwich whence passengers are forwarded without change of cars or baggage.

For further information enquire at the office on the wharf, or to  
D. B. ALLEN, 39 Peck-slip, up stairs.  
N.B.—All persons are forbid trusting any one on account of the above boat or owners  
Mar. 16-11.



**SCOTCH ALE; BROWN STOUT; BRANDY; WHISKY, &c.**

Scotch Ale.—Edinboro', Leith, and Alloa, pils. and qts. ripe and creamy.  
 Brown Stout.—Dublin and London  
 Brandy.—Otard and Hennessy, Old Dark and Pale, in wood and Bottles.  
 Whisky.—Glenlivet and Islay "real peat reek" " " "  
 Rum.—Jamaica Rum, North side, very superior " " "  
 Gin.—Old Hollands, " " "  
 Wines.—Champagne, Sparkling Hock, Madeira, Sherry, Port, Claret, &c., all of first brands and quality. 100 cases 3 dozen each Old Lisbon White Wine.  
 \* For sale on reasonable terms and in lots to suit purchasers by  
**ROBERT HOPE HART, 11 Nassau-st., cor. Pine.**  
 Mar. 9-3m.

Storage suitable for Scotch Ale, Wines, &c.

**SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA,**

**FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, NAMELY:**

*Scrofula, or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples, or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ring Worm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica, or Lumbago, and Diseases arising from an Indiscriminate Use of Mercury, Ascites, or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders will be Removed by this Preparation.*

The following certificate is from a gentleman who lost the whole of his nose from a severe Scrofulous disease. It speaks for itself.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 25, 1842.

Messrs. SANDS:—Gent.—Although I am disfigured and deformed for life, I have not lost my recollection; and never, while I exist, shall I cease to feel grateful for benefits conferred, through the use of your invaluable Sarsaparilla. I was attacked in the year 1828 with a scrofulous affection on the end of my nose, commencing with a small red spot, attended with itching and burning sensations. This induced rubbing, and now commenced the ravages of a disease which progressed as follows: the left nostril was first destroyed, and, continuing upwards, it crossed the bridge of the nose, and, seizing upon the right side, destroyed the cartilage, bone and all the surrounding parts, until, finally, the nose was entirely eaten off; the passage for conveying tears from the eye to the nose obliterated, which caused a continual flow of tears. The disease now seized upon the upper lip, extending to the right cheek, and my feelings and sufferings were such as can better be imagined than described. I am a native of Nottingham, in England, and my case is well known there. The first Physicians in the Kingdom prescribed for me, but with little benefit. At one time I was directed to take 63 drops of the "Tincture of Iodine" three times a day, which I continued for six months in succession. At another time I applied Oil of Vitriol to the parts. After this used a prescription of Sir Astley Cooper's, but all proved in vain. I continued to grow worse, and as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I used every remedy I could hear of that was considered applicable to my case, until I became disgusted with the treatment, and relinquished all hope of ever getting well.

Many pronounced the disease a Cancer, but Dr. M.—, under whose treatment I was considered it Scrofulous Lupus, and this is the name given it by medical men. As a last resort I was recommended to try change of air and an Atlantic voyage, and in April last I sailed for America, and arrived here in the month of May. The disease continued gradually to increase, extending upwards and backwards, having destroyed the entire nose, and fast verging towards the frontal bone, it seized upon the upper jaw and surrounding parts.

While crossing on the Ferry-boat from Brooklyn to New York, a gentleman was attracted by my appearance, and thus accosted me:—"My friend, have you used the Sarsaparilla?" Yes, replied I, various kinds, and every thing else I could hear of; but, said he, "I mean Sand's Sarsaparilla?" No, I replied. "Then use it, for I believe it will cure you." Being thus addressed by a stranger I was induced to make a trial of a medicine he so highly recommended.

I purchased one bottle, which gave some relief, and wonderful to tell, after using your Sarsaparilla less than two months, I feel within me well. The disease is stopped in its ravages, all those racking and tormenting pains are gone, my food relishes, my digestion is good, and I sleep well; and, under the blessing of Divine Providence, I attribute the result entirely to the use of Sand's Sarsaparilla. With desire that the afflicted may no longer delay, but use the right medicine and get cured.

I remain, with feelings of lasting gratitude,

Your friend,

**THOMAS LLOYD,**  
 Nutria Alley, Pearl-street.

STATE OF NEW-YORK, } On this 25th day of November, 1842, before me came Thos  
 City of Brooklyn, ss. } Lloyd, and acknowledged the truth of the foregoing paper,  
 and that he executed the same.

**HENRY C. MURPHY,** Mayor of the City of Brooklyn.  
**WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN**  
**NORWICH, CONN.**

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. SANDS & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to point to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be so surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active, and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in twelve days from the 8th of October, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks, sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend,

**ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.**

Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

NEW LONDON, Co., ss.  
 Personally appeared, the above-named Asenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

**RUFUS W. MATHEWSON,**  
 Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

**WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,**  
 Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

Prepared and sold at wholesale and retail, and for exportation, by A. B. & D. SANDS, wholesale Druggists, No. 79 Fulton-st., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. York. Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal, and Alexander Beggs, Quebec, Canada. Agents for the Proprietors by special appointment.

Price \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5.  
 The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sand's Sarsaparilla, that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, and ask for Sand's Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

Mar. 9-6m.

**PARR'S LIFE PILLS.**

THIS popular and truly wonderful Medicine has, in thousands of instances, produced to invalids a NEW LIFE, who, after keeping their beds for years, have been so speedily re-invigorated with an infusion of new blood, and consequently of new life and strength, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, that their re-appearance amongst their fellow-beings, who had long given them up as incurable, is looked upon as the greatest of the many great wonders of the age.

The number of testimonials of cures by PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are crowding upon the Proprietors daily, and their unsolicited testimony witnessed by gentlemen of high reputation.

The following testimonial is from one of the most talented and respectable members of the Theatrical Profession, Mr. T. D. RICE. (the original Jim Crow)—a gentleman whose high character for worth and integrity as a citizen, places his unsolicited and voluntary attestation of the excellence of the Medicine beyond the shadow of suspicion. This, (with thousands of similar grateful acknowledgements,) can be seen at the Principal Depot, 304 Broadway.

To Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., 304 Broadway, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—Having in the course of a long and arduous practice of my profession, contracted a tightness across the chest, with prostration of strength, and suffering much from the effects of the labour attached to my peculiar pursuits, while in England I had recourse to your popular Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, from which I received great benefit. Finding a Branch of your House in this city, I procured a few boxes of the Medicine, and can now sincerely testify to their value and great efficacy, and also to the great character they bear in the old country.

Your obedient servant,

**THOMAS D. RICE,** 20 Vestry-street.

This, from a Commission Merchant in the South and New York, is also unexceptionable:—

New York, 26th Dec., 1843.

Messrs. THOMAS ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—After having, for two years, severely suffered from a protracted disease of the bowels, together with hemorrhage, which seemed to baffle the skill of the best physicians in the South and elsewhere, a few boxes of your valuable Medicine, "PARR'S LIFE PILLS," which I had been persuaded to try,—and which I commenced taking with very little faith in their efficacy—effected an entire and really wonderful cure with me.

I cannot refrain from sending you this testimonial of their excellence, hoping that these Pills may be the means of relieving others, as they have cured me.

You are at liberty to use this voluntary testimonial, as a recommendation of your Pills, to those who may be in doubt of their virtues.—Very respectfully,

**J. BURKHARDT,** Late of 223 Carondelet-st., New Orleans,  
 Now 139 Grand-street, New York.

The following certificate is from a gentleman who has resided about twenty-five years in Southwark, Philadelphia, well known from his great respectability:—

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I feel it will be doing no more than right to inform you of the wonderful benefits I have received by the use of your Pills. I have been afflicted for twenty years or more with a weakness on the breast, the pipes in the throat, dyspepsia and costiveness of the bowels, with very much cough and spitting at times. Latterly, I was seized with asthma, and was so much plagued as to be unable to lie down at night. I am advanced in years, and have tried a great many cures in the course of my life, which in the general left me much weakened without doing any good. Having seen one of the books containing the life of Old Parr, and the cures therein stated, I applied to Mr. Peter Williamson, and procured a box to try them. I soon found they relieved me of my dyspepsia, and also the disease in my throat, and I was surprised to discover that I slept good at night, and could lie down comfortably, and when I felt any kind of smothering, I would get up in the night and take one or two Pills, and I would feel better instantly. I am now entirely relieved of all my complaints, and have an excellent appetite, and am of the firm opinion that PARR'S LIFE PILLS are the best medicine I have ever taken for my complaints. From their gentleness with me, and the great good they have done me, I am satisfied they will be of equal benefit to many others thus afflicted.—I am, gentlemen, yours, respectfully,

Nov. 27, 1843.

**JEREMIAH CLARK,** Corner of Catherine-st. and  
 Passayunk Road, Moyamensing, formerly of Southwark.

The next from Mrs. M. Cling:—

No. 193 Christie-street.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—This is to certify that I have been afflicted for this twelve years with the liver complaint and dyspepsia, and after trying all advertised medicines—then had recourse to a doctor, who only patched me up. At last the kind hand of Providence pointed out to me the report of Parr's Life Pills, and after attentively and carefully taking a few small boxes, I began to feel like another being—and I ask my cure may be circulated through the United States, so grateful am I for my recovery from the grave.

**M. CLING,** 193 Christie-street.

**ASTHMA.**

Portsmouth, N.H., Nov. 27, 1843.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It gives me much pleasure to inform you that in this town and neighbourhood your invaluable Medicine, PARR'S LIFE PILLS, are much praised for their rare virtues and great efficacy in the cure of Asthma, and consequently their sale is considerable. Mr. James Ladd, a gentleman well known here, told me of a friend of his, an elderly lady, who has been troubled with Asthma for the last six years, so much so that she was unable to walk out, or use any exertion. Being advised to try Parr's Life Pills, she found herself considerably relieved by them, and persevering in their use, she was enabled, a few weeks since, not only to go about, but to walk to church, a distance of a quarter of a mile from her residence, a feat she had not accomplished for the last three years.

Another case is that of an Engineer on one of the Eastern Railroads, who, after having tried numerous other Medicines and found no relief, but a short time since, begun to take Parr's Life Pills for the above distressing complaint, and I am happy to say at this present writing he is fast recovering.—I am, gentlemen, yours respectfully,

**JOHN JOHNSTON.**

The following, being a translation from a German letter, by Mr. Ettling, a native of Germany, now living at 167 Ludlow-street—

New York, Dec. 28, 1843

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—It is rarely that we Germans can be induced to have recourse to the so-called patent medicines, as we seldom have confidence in them. A friend of mine, however, induced me to try PARR'S LIFE PILLS, as a cure for habitual costiveness and sick head-ache, of which I had suffered for years, and for which I could find no efficient remedy.

A few boxes of your Pills, which I bought of your Agent, have, thank God, been the means of perfectly restoring my health. I have also used those Pills in my family, and with such excellent success, that I shall henceforth keep a constant supply in my house. Should there be persons who would doubt the good effects of this Medicine, I beg to refer them to me, and it would give me much pleasure to show my gratitude for the relief they have afforded me, by recommending them to others.—Respectfully,

**C. ETTLING,** 167 Ludlow-street.

Mr. J. H. Bowman writes as follows:—

Vergennes, Nov. 8, 1843.

Messrs. THOS. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—I have closed the sale of all the PARR'S LIFE PILLS sent me, and will remit the balance by our Mr. Roberts, who will be in your city in a few days. The Pills are much liked, and give great satisfaction, and are now in considerable demand, and I have told my customers if they would be patient a few days it would have some more. You will please therefore send me an equal quantity of each size immediately, by railroad to Albany.—Yours respectfully,

**J. H. BOWMAN.**

Fountain Head Tavern, 96 Duane-street.

The Proprietors of PARR'S LIFE PILLS.—Gentlemen—I cannot be silent on the subject of your Medicine, after experiencing such benefit from it. I am grateful to you that my health has been re-established, by the use of PARR'S LIFE PILLS, after suffering much from dyspepsia for years. To show that gratitude, I shall be pleased, by your using my name, as one that can and will, at all times, testify to their great efficacy in one of the most severe cases of dyspepsia that probably ever occurred.—I am, gentlemen, Yours, respectfully,

**S. BROWN.**

January 10, 1844.

The following letter is from Mr. Thomas Elder, a gentleman of this city:—

New York, 17th Jan., 1844.

Messrs. T. ROBERTS & Co.—Gentlemen—It affords me much pleasure in being able to bear testimony in regard to the benefits to be derived from the use of your invaluable Medicine, known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." For a series of years I have been subjected to severe bilious attacks, attended with nausea and derangement of the digestive organs, and applied the ordinary remedies without relief. A friend made me a present of one box of your Pills, with a recommendation to try them. Before I had used the whole of them I found their salutary effects, and have continued the use of them up to the present time with great benefit. As a family medicine, from their gentle nature, they are of infinite service, when applied in sickness, to children, of which I have had sufficient experience in my own family. Indeed, I esteem them as the most safe and efficacious medicine now in use.—I am, gentlemen, Your most ob'd't s't.

**THOMAS ELDER.**

They can be had at the Office of the Proprietors, THOMAS ROBERTS & Co., No. 304 Broadway, Second Floor.

Mar. 30-1f.